better left unsaid

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better left unsaid

by satsukichan

Summary

Being friends with benefits is a pretty sweet deal that only an idiot could mess up. Too bad Uzu's never been known for his brains.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He wasn't sure what drove him to do it.

In retrospect, it was a terrible decision, really, because real life wasn't like the movies, something he should have kept in mind as he was fucking Jakuzure, who had made it very clear that there was nothing remotely romantic about the act. It was Honnouji Academy's worst kept secret that not only was Nonon Jakuzure very into girls, she was also very much against idiots, and he definitely qualified.

Really, it was tantamount to suicide, because even though she hadn't talked to him unless completely necessary since, or even looked him in the eye, he was expecting her to kill him. Probably in his sleep, probably painfully. His friends in Kanto would miss him, and he suspected that despite their constant bickering, so would Ira and Houka (the latter, at least, would miss having him look dumber than usual in comparison to his technobabble bullshit, all of which made him look like fuckin' Einstein, he thought bitterly). It would be a tragedy.

Still, in the moment, it had felt right. Her thighs wrapped around his waist, fingers digging into his shoulders, her eyes were glazed over in the way that he now knew meant she was seconds away from release, he did it. Most of her weight was in his arms, but she was light, no longer sitting on the bed or leaning against the wall, and he felt her tighten around him as she opened her mouth to moan. That was it for him. A name formed in his mind in the instant he went over the edge, and before he could do something stupid like call her name, he did the only other thing her face made him want to do.

His kiss came as she did, effectively cutting off the loud moan that she breathed into his mouth. And that would have been bad enough, but her fingers, the ones digging crescent shaped cuts into his shoulders a few seconds ago, were tangled in his hair, and pulled him closer. He kept his hips moving throughout, pumping through both his and her orgasm, and responded when her tongue slipped into his mouth.

As the fog clouding his brain cleared, he realized what had just occurred. Hands on her hips, her breasts pressed against his chest, her thighs curled tightly around him, his mouth on hers, tongues mingling when they weren't both gasping for air. He was still inside her too, and as he straightened up, he caught a glimpse of her coming down from her high. With her hair framing her face and the afterglow of sex still on her cheeks, he was weirdly compelled to kiss her again.

The bubble of sweet post orgasmic bliss popped just as suddenly as her eyes popped open, and she spoke, voice shaking. Immediately, he knew he'd messed up, and messed up bad.

"What the actual *fuck* was that, you stupid monkey-looking motherfu-"

"HEY! I-"

She cut him off before he could defend himself.“This- this whole scenario is strictly sexual. I thought we agreed we weren’t doing any of *that* sort of thing.”

“We aren’t! It just sort of happened-”

Nonon glared daggers at him. “Do I have to make myself clear again? You have a pretty face and you can make me come. We’re fucking, but just because you’ve got your dick in me doesn’t mean I particularly like you. Watch yourself.”

There were at least twenty seconds of dead silence before either of them spoke again, and it was Nonon again. “Can you pull out? I’m not really in the mood for a round two, and I have to shower.”

“Er, right.”

She slid over the side of the bed and disappeared into the bathroom, leaving him with a hard on that took slightly too long to go soft, and a lot of questions he wasn’t sure he wanted the answers to.

That had been two weeks ago.

They, for obvious reasons, hadn’t met in the storage room since (or his room, or her room, or the back alley, or that one bathroom on the third floor that was always out of service), and his teenage libido was very unhappy about this. The stubborn lump in his pants wouldn’t go away or let him sleep despite the late hour, so it was with mild reluctance that he imagined Jakuzure bouncing up and down on top of him and reached into his boxers.

His unwanted bout of celibacy could easily be fixed if he bothered looking around, but he wasn’t too keen on the idea of sleeping around, especially since his arrangement was extremely comfortable. He’d gotten too used to her body to feel comfortable with anyone else.

Well, he thought, *It’s not like I know what it’s actually like to* be *with anyone else*.

This was one of the last coherent thoughts he was able to have for the next few minutes. As his heart rate sped up, so did his arm and the vaguely Nonon-shaped girl in his mind, doing a good job of moaning like a porn star.

“U-uzu!”

Bucking into his own hand, he rolled his thumb over the head of his cock and came into his fist, biting the side of his cheek to keep from audibly groaning.

Apparently, he had much bigger problems than he’d thought.

Chapter End Notes

My tumblr is satsukichan! Send me asks and talk about uzunon to me.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It started off with a kiss,
How did it end up like this
(it was only a kiss)
(it was only a kiss)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They didn't talk for another week after the night Uzu had imagined her screaming his name, for which he was almost grateful. In all honesty, he had began to resign himself when he ran into her again, and she immediately grabbed his hand and pulled him in her direction.

"Gama said to meet him downstairs 'at your earliest convenience'. So, like, now."

"Uh-"

Before he could properly respond, she grabbed his hand and hauled him down the stairs, taking them two at a time. It was all he could to do to not trip over his own feet as she ran. Her skirt wasn't any longer than it usually was, so instead of focusing on his leaden feet, he stared at the hem, bouncing high enough to give him a glimpse of her panties if he tried looking closely. It almost cost him a broken ankle at the foot of the stairwell where he tripped, but if Nonon had noticed, she made no comment about it, and went on dragging him along.

The dining hall was huge, and the table stretching through it long and regal, but only Houka sat next to Ira at the head of the table, all the way down across from them. They walked the length of the cartoonishly large room side by side, and he found himself being weirdly self-conscious of his stride, with his arms swinging forward like a monkey's, only a few centimeters away from hers. His hand tingled from where she'd held it. It was stupid, but this hyper awareness only got worse as they finally reached the table and she sat next to him, her thigh almost brushing against his as she slid into her seat.

Ira cleared his throat, distracting him from her legs and the wonder they held between them. "We have a problem."

"You wouldn't have dragged us down here if there weren't," Houka quipped, glancing up from his laptop. "But I have a hunch as to what it is."

"Is it the Mankanshoku chick?" Nonon didn't even bother looking up to the overblown reaction that predictably followed as he spluttered wordlessly, face redder than her hair.

Houka grinned and leaned forward, and Uzu found himself doing the same. “Is she right?”

“Hit the nail right on the head.”

“Well, obviously. It’s my woman’s intuition. I’m never wrong about these kinds of things.”

“When are ya going to ask her out already? I’ve got some pick-up lines I’m sure she’d love.”

“None of your lines are going to help him with anything, you monkey dumbass.”

“*Hey*.”

“I might be speaking for the rest, but we’d all be glad to help you with that. I’ve already gathered data on her favorite sweets and what kind of flowers she might like.”

“Aren’t flowers a bit cliche?”

“Yo Ira, whatcha gonna wear?”

“I was thinking whit- wait, that’s not it at al-”

“So you are gonna ask her out. I KNEW it.”

“Don’t worry dude, we’ve got your back.”

“You’d all do that for me? Thank you- wait.”

Ira slammed his hands down on the table, his face still redder than usual. “While I’m deeply thankful for your support regarding Mako-”

“YOU’RE CALLING HER BY HER FIRST NAME?”

“Finally.”

“*Shut UP*.”

Everyone went silent at once. He sighed and began again. “While your support involving Mak-*MANKANSHOKU*- is greatly appreciated, we have a more immediate and pressing problem to deal with.” He took a deep breath before continuing. “We have evidence that we have students involved in, shall we say, illicit affairs.”

Before he could help himself, Uzu let out a loud snort. There was definitely a smirk on Houka’s face as well, and he didn’t need to look at Nonon to know what face she was making.

“What *kind* of illicit affairs are the students carrying on with, Gamagoori?”

As Ira’s face flushed, he felt something lift his pants leg. He swiveled around to look at Nonon, but she had the same expression she’d had when she asked her question. Just as he turned back, the same foot slid up his inner leg, giving him shivers. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched her mouth upturn ever so slightly at the corners, and grit his teeth. Instead of

focusing on her stocking feet creeping ever so slowly up his calves, he decided to pay close attention to what was being said.

“Well, you know, they’re- they’re sleeping together. It’s indecent. We might not have the Academy in one piece anymore, but we’re still the best school in the country. There’s a reputation we have to uphold.”

There wasn’t just a foot messing with his pants now. Somewhere between indecency and reputation, a small, warm hand had crept up onto his knee and was inching its way up the inside of his leg. He could only imagine one way this could go, and it did not bode well for him. A single finger traced kanji along his muscles, and he swallowed harder than was normal.

“Do you have any proof?” he managed before he felt something press against the crotch of his jeans, firmly. His body responded immediately after its dry period, and he mentally cursed his hormones as he felt himself harden against her palm.

“Unfortunately, yes. We’ve...”

He said more, but her hand ground against him, hard, and he let loose a grunt that he managed to camouflage into a cough. Fingers fumbled around until they found where he was starting to press against the fitted denim, and three of them began to stroke him, up and down.

“How do you propose we solve this?”

Conversation went around him, but it was all he could do to keep silent and nod at the right moments. As long as he paid really close attention to what was being said, he could stave off the inevitable, he hoped. Until-

“Sanageyama? You’ve been really quiet. What do you think about implementing the steel braced chastity belts?”

“I-”

Nonon squeezed him so hard he saw pinpricks of darkness and was barely able to stifle the gasp by shoving his face into his elbow and coughing violently.

“Your face looks... really red. Are you alright?”

“I think it’s stupid.”

It took everything he had to make that sound halfway normal, and as he said it, he turned his face around to make eye contact with Houka. He had no idea what his face conveyed, but he was sure his desperation must have been clear, because he swore he saw a glint in Inumuta’s eye (although it could have been his laptop’s backlight flashing against his glasses) before the slimmer boy turned to Ira.

Throw me a line here.

Houka cut straight to the chase. “He’s right. Why do we care if the students are having sex, anyway? If you get lucky, you might be doing the same with Mankanshoku soon enough.”

There was a moment of dead silence where Ira blinked, and then turned so red, they feared his head would explode. The fingers under the table paused, and then lifted off of him completely. There was a loud scraping as Nonon stood up.

“I have to use the little girl’s room. Please excuse me.”

The silence got heavier as she walked away, nothing about her appearance or gait giving away the fact that she’d been doing anything wrong or out of the ordinary.

The nerd coughed and shut his laptop. “As it turns out, I must have eaten something bad this morning, because my stomach is really doing a number on me. Now, if you’ll forgive me-”

Before anyone could do anything, Uzu shot him a look of pure gratitude before practically leaping out of his chair.

“Gotta bolt,” he grunted, and made a beeline for the nearest exit.

He wasn’t ten meters out of the hall when he ran into her.

“What the actual *fuck* is your-”

There was no prelude. She grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him down, and kissed him so hard their teeth clashed. Before he could protest, she pulled away, and grabbed his hand again, pulling him in the direction of the stairs. This time, he didn’t utter a word, nor did she. Not as she pulled him into her room. Not as he helped her out of her dress. Not as she sighed into the air, filled with sunlight and dust as he planted kisses down her stomach and up her thighs. There was no noise between them besides their breathing as he practically ripped off his pants.

He tried to speak, once, as she trailed kisses down his stomach, but then she planted a kiss against the bulge in his boxers and the words died as a strangled groan in the back of his throat.

(*Her tongue was hot and wet and he wasn’t really capable of thinking of anything else until he came in his underwear, shaking and gripping the bedsheets so tightly his knuckles were white (because grabbing her head would mean she’d have his, and not in the sexy way she'd had him in her mouth*).

When he was done, he looked at her, dry mouthed and slack jawed, and her face was white, and not for the obvious reasons. The cotton at his crotch clung to him unpleasantly, and he managed to shake the remaining cobwebs out of his mind enough to speak. “Is everything alright?”

“You called my name.”

“I- what?”

“Do you think about me?”

“What the *fuck* does that mean.”

Nonon Jakuzure sat back on her heels and looked him straight in the eye. The amount of dignity she managed to preserve with her makeup smeared, her bra strap sliding off her shoulder, and her mouth still bearing traces of the last few minutes was truly impressive. Maybe it was the icy cold look she was giving him.

“When you jack off. Do you imagine Satsuki? Or Matoi, or that bowlcut girl with more tits than brains? The one Ira’s got a thing for? I’m sure you do- they’ve got nicer figures than I do.”

“I don’t.”

“So do you really jerk it to me?”

“Well, obviously? *Why* would I jerk it to Satsuki? She’s too terrifying to even think of in bed. I’m not you.”

It wasn’t until the color managed to drain even further from her face that he realized what he’d just said.

“I- I did NOT mean to say that.”

“You know,” she paused, and looked at her knees. “Someone once told me that boys are complete fucking idiots. They’ll confuse a boner for love, and they don’t know when to shut the fuck up. But they also gave me a good idea for how to keep their mouths shut. And the least I can give you is a last meal, y’know? Before I make you pay for what you just fucking said to me.”

“Wait-”

She placed a hand on his chest and pressed down, knocking him off balance. Soft pink pillows cushioned his head as he flopped onto his back. In the few seconds he got to look at the ceiling, he noticed Nonon pulling her panties off her hips, studded with black hearts.

Black hearts like hers, he thought to himself, before she was crawling over his torso. As he reached up to help her out of her bra, she slapped his hands out of her way. “I can do this much myself.”

Although he’d never admit it to her, she was absolutely stunning, small and pink and naked as she was, hair curling down over her shoulders to brush against the shallow slopes of her meager breasts. It was a sight that any straight guy could only call beautiful.

She was beautiful. And even angry, there was a sort of softness that was uncharacteristic of her, a kind of softness he could only see when she was like this- naked and wanting.

“You kissed me last time,” she murmured. “Kiss me again.”

He obliged. And he kissed down her stomach, and down between her legs, tongue flicking sensitive flesh. Her thighs squeezed his head, and he pulled away long enough to grab her hips and lift her off of his face onto her back, where he had better access to everything she was begging him to kiss, in increasingly shrill voices. Hands pulling at fistfuls of his hair, needy whimpers and one particularly heady moan when he sucked on a bundle of pure nerve, and he was ready to go another round. There was no resistance when he shed his ruined boxers and pushed into her, only a noise of agreement as her legs repositioned themselves from their place over his shoulders to around his waist.

Somewhere in between the thirteenth thrust and the seventeenth, and she pulled herself up to kiss him again. Sloppy, warm and trailing over his lips and jaw, and their momentum had him back on his back (hah), with her repositioning herself over him again with only a few seconds of uncomfortable nothingness.

This time, she didn’t lean back like she had in his fantasy, but she leaned forward and kissed him, again and again and whispered things into his mouth, over and over.

His lips pressed against her neck and she let out a moan, that moan, the moan that meant that she was getting really close now. It had been faster this time, but with her leaning forward, the pressure on her clit must have been more than she’d bargained for. He sped up for her, and he felt the boil in his gut that meant he wasn’t far off either.

Great, they were going to do that unbearably tacky thing where they came together. Again.

When she went rigid and gasped into his ear, he clenched his eyes shut to put off his release for just a bit longer.

“Uh- uz-”

Eyes wide open, he turned his head to look at her face, and her expression almost sent him over immediately.

“*Uzuahhhhhhhh...!*”

He clamped his teeth around her earlobe as she shook, melting the second half of his name into a sound that was half scream and half sigh. He finished with his hips bucking into her, one hand on her waist and another in her hair. Chapped lips met his and she kissed him one more time before she went limp and slouched against him, breathing heavily.

They didn’t speak or move for a very long time after that, and clung together, sweaty and sticky in the ruined sheets of her bed on a sunny afternoon.

Chapter End Notes

My tumblr is satsukichan! Talk to me about uzunon.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

A series of flashbacks and an unfortunate encounter further shape the increasingly complicated relationship they share (both in and out of bed).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He was fingering her when it finally happened. They weren't being discreet enough, and they both knew it. Whether it was rutting in the storage closet or a quickie in an abandoned classroom, they were bound to get caught sooner or later. With his luck, of course it was sooner, but it didn't help that she was doing a terrible job of stifling her moans.

"Hey," he muttered urgently "bite my shoulder. I think I just heard someone outside."

She opened her mouth and let out a strangled noise halfway between a scream and something that sounded a lot like 'don't stop' just as his hand started to cramp up really badly. Through clenched jaw and an increasingly numb arm, he kept rocking against her as he ignored her teeth digging through his shirt. It was all he could do to not tell her she was drooling on him, but she was too far gone to even care if he'd bothered, which was, in its own way, pretty hot. And anyway, what did it matter? In a minute or two, he'd probably be in the same state. Still, the unease remained, and it was killing his hard-on.

To the relief of his overworked muscles, Nonon finished (loudly and sloppily). As the sound stopped echoing in the run down bathroom, there was silence except for their heavy breathing and the sound of him withdrawing his fingers. Every muscle in his body unknotted in relief. He'd just been imagining things out of paranoia, probably. There was no way any voyeur could be hanging around, and the thought of what was coming next (besides himself) perked him up again, literally. Just as soon as Nonon recovered enough for a second round...

Slumped against the door of the bathroom stall, it took her a moment to collect herself and reach for the front of his jeans. But his buckle wasn't even undone before he heard something again. It was just the barest whisper of a breeze, but every single nerve in his body screamed on high alert. Having been blind, even if only temporarily, had permanently sharpened his senses. Maybe she sensed it too, because she tensed for a moment.

"Step back."

Uzu hadn't actually gotten into a physical fight in weeks, but his reflexes were knife sharp as always, and the boy trying to make a run for it was no match for him. It wasn't until he had him pinned against the wall that he registered who he was grabbing, and then regret seeped through his veins like the blood crawling north into his cheeks. Nothing made you soft quite

as fast as the cheshire cat smirk of Houka Inumuta, resident shiteating nerd, boring into your eyes. It was almost enough to make him wish they were still sewn shut.

“This is *quite* the interesting development.”

There was dead silence, punctuated only by the creaky door of the stall opening as Nonon stared dumbfounded at the bespectacled teenager. Uzu swallowed thickly, and decided to go on the offensive.

“What the fuck are you doing loitering around bathrooms anyway? Hoping to get a glimpse of some girl’s panties? Can’t you look at some gross panty fetish porn on your laptop?”

He rolled his eyes. “First of all, no. Secondly-”

His eyes roved over Nonon’s body, bearing very obvious traces of their rendezvous. Her fingers twitched as he looked her up and down, although Uzu couldn’t detect any sort of pleasure in his methodical overview of her body. Inumuta pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose, where they caught the dim fluorescent light and obscured his eyes. “Jakuzure, correct me if I’m wrong, but I was under the impression that you had a thing for Sats- er, you liked girls.”

He’d never seen her flush so quickly, and this was counting the time he’d gone down on her in the middle of the school cafeteria as revenge for the meeting with the other devas. “That’s- I- I’m a *LESBIAN*.”

Houka’s eyebrow quirked immediately. “...Are you sure?”

“I like girls! I’m as queer as you are! I know you have a thing with Iori-”

“Well, see, unlike you, I’m actually dating someone of my own gender, so yes, I am gay, but this whole setup doesn’t seem very homosexual, now does it?.”

“Yeah, I dunno, man. You begging me to pound you harder just now sounded *preeeeeeetty* fucking hetero to me. Just sayin-”

“You’re an idiot and an asshole and I can’t believe I’m sleeping you with you.”

“So you weren’t just stretching loudly together in a bathroom stall, then.”

Nonon was red in the face, but she still had enough fight in her to snark back. “At least we have better things to do than snoop around abandoned bathrooms.”

“Yes, like each other, apparently.”

“Fuck you, four eyes.”

“That’s Sanageyama’s job, not mine.”

“Fuck off.”

Uzu decided to speak up before anyone got seriously injured (since he didn't trust Nonon to jump Houka right then and there. "How long ago did you start suspecting anything?"

The other boy stretched out lazily and pushed his hands off his shoulders. "I had had my suspicions for quite some time, but that last meeting with Gamagoori cinched it for me."

Pink and green turned to look at each other guiltily. "I thought I did a good of hiding… that."

"Your jacket wasn't long enough to cover the front of your pants."

"*Eughhhhhhhhh*." Dragging his hands down his face, he turned to the side and started pacing. Neither of the three spoke a single word for a minute, until he finally lifted his face out of his hands and looked at them.

"So, now you know. What are you gonna do about it?"

Houka didn't even bother bullshitting them. "Absolutely nothing."

There was a beat before they both responded.

"What?"

"Absolutely nothing," he repeated, signature smirk crawling back onto his face. "It'll just be some really, really good insurance."

Nonon did not take this well. "You can't *blackmail* us!"

"Oh, but I can, and I am." The smile on his face had spread to both ears like a certain cat of literary fame before fading away. "If you don't mind me asking-"

"We very much DO, so why don't you go-"

"How did this all come about?"

"A - are you sure?"

She looked straight into his eyes and didn't blink. "You heard what I said, and I'm not gonna repeat myself."

"I thought you-"

"Liked Satsuki? Yeah. I've been in love with her since I met her. That doesn't mean anything or have anything to do with what I've asked of you."

"... I was gonna say girls, but yeah. Why ask me? Why now?"

Her hair fell down around her face as she looked down at her knees. “I thought about this for a really, really long time. I could never ask Gamagoori-”

“Yeah, obviously. You’d never be able to walk again.”

“Does your big mouth compensate for your tiny dick?”

“*Rude*.”

“Anyway, Houka was out of the question too. I could never go for anything below a 3 star because it takes a three star uniform to make them respect me, and even then, just barely. How would they treat me if they heard anything about an affair?”

As she paused, she twirled a lock of hair between her fingers, pushing it behind her ear and then letting it fall back in her face. It was a slow, hypnotic cycle, and he found himself slightly agape. Catching herself, she cleared her throat. “Not to mention that the mere idea of settling for anything less than my class is ridiculous. I have good taste.”

“Is that a compliment?”

“I’m settling for the best option. Plus, you’re a virgin too.”

The backhanded compliment fell on deaf ears. “Says who?”

“Oh, come on. You’re as green as your hair. It’s so obvious.”

His face flushed as pink as her hair , and she took another step towards him. At this distance, she was only a few centimeters away from him, her chest and his only one step away from each other. Before he knew it, he had his hands on her shoulders, palms sweaty. Damn it if she wasn’t good at keeping her cool. All the time, her gaze didn’t so much as waver.

“...what do you want me to do for you?”

She was leaning into him, and he was leaning over her, and it wasn’t until he was brushing his lips along her jaw, desperately trying to remember his only kiss (eleven years old on a dare, during a game of spin the bottle), that she pulled away.

“Don’t do that. Don’t- don’t kiss me. This is strictly physical, okay?”

Lips pursed, then pressed against her neck instead.

She melted into his chest as he planted soft, airy kisses down to her collarbone, before abruptly pulling away. “Not here, dumbass.” A hand, warm, soft and small, closed around his. “Over here.”

So busy was he with trying to sexy-kiss Nonon and not romantically kiss her, that it took him a few blind, fumbling tries to find the doorknob. This was confusing, but his dick was pretty happy about this situation. They collapsed backwards onto a cheap, shitty old mattress, and before he could even process the situation, she was already working on the front of his jeans.

I'm gonna get laid, thought Uzu.

As it turned out, things rarely went that smoothly.

"Ow. Ow. Ow- oW OW OW- are you fucking *KIDDING* me?"

It took about thirty seconds for him to blow his load, sweating and grabbing at Nonon's shoulders. Her face, contorted with a mixture of pain and anger, was enough to kill any hope of a second round.

"Roll off of me right this fucking second or I'll kill you in your sleep, you monkey faced excuse for a shitty lay."

He obeyed immediately. Pulling out, he found himself sticky with what could only be-

"So you really were a virgin."

She swung her leg around and kicked him over with all her strength, knocking him off the mattress and into a wall where he lay with the wind knocked out of him. "Hymens aren't a measure of previous sexual experience, you stupid shit. Blood doesn't mean I was a virgin. I'm bleeding because you fucking SUCK in the sack."

"I'd be into letting you suck on my sack, not gonna lie."

That remark cost him a sharp kick to the aforementioned area, and he jackknifed over in pain. Through the blood rushing in his ears, he could hear her mutter to herself. "At least now both of our genitals hurt."

"Fuck you," he wheezed, clutching at the family jewels.

"After *that*? Not fucking likely."

There was an awkward sustained silence, occasionally punctuated by Uzu groaning. Nonon sat up, propped by her elbows, to look at him. "...does that really hurt that much?"

"*YES*."

"Funny. You know, sex isn't just repeatedly shoving your cock into things, right?"

"I don't know why, but it sounds weirdly sexual when you say cock."

“We just had sex. Or what you considered sex, I guess. I think we’re a little past that point.”

“So it wasn’t good for you?”

“You are a disappointment in every single way.”

“What does that even mean?”

“Size, technique, durability…”

“I’m perfectly normal sized!”

“So you’re not denying the other two?”

“Well-”

“I’ve had better sex with things that run on batteries, for fuck’s sake. I was hoping an actual person would be nice, but that was really boring. And it hurt. Sex isn’t supposed to hurt.”

“Batteries? Wait, what-”

“Aaaaaaaaaaanyway, if this is gonna continue, you’re gonna have to shape up.”

“Why me? You just laid there-”

“I was trying *REALLY* hard not to *CRY*!"

He flinched. “That bad?”

“You’re an idiot.”

To his credit, he pretended he didn't notice her wipe the corner of her eye when he turned away.

"You're really blind?" Her fingers traced themselves over the stitches that were holding his eyelids shut. "I can't believe you'd go that far for some nobody delinquent that would dare insult Satsuki-sama."

"You're wrong. I would do anything to please Satsuki-sama. Including sewing my eyes closed to beg for her forgiveness and a second chance."

"I see." Her hands crawled further south, under his shirt, pulling it up over his head. Warm hands held her wrists.

"What are you doing?"

"I know I said I wouldn't touch you until you could get me off, but seeing as you're gonna need some time to get used to feeling me up blind-" she pulled her hands free and went to work on his belt. "There's something I've been meaning to try."

"What?"

"Make this easier for me, okay, and go lay down."

He obliged, backing up until he felt the bed frame hit his calves. Small hands pressed against his chest and pushed down until he was sitting up, propped up by his elbows. Through a veil of confusion, he felt human warmth between his legs. "What are you-"

He felt the distinct feeling of someone rather than him pulling him out of his boxers, and his body reacted immediately. He felt her lips, pressed against his bare thigh, curl into a grin.

"Do you get off by getting me off?" He asked, trying to keep his voice from wavering. "I'm really sensitive to things since I did this." He gestured vaguely towards his face, but he doubted she paying him any attention. "So, I mean-"

She gave an experimental lick along his underside and he involuntarily bucked his hips forward. "I-I mean, watch your teeth."

A warm mouth closed over his head and his teeth bit into the side of his mouth so hard he drew blood. She pulled herself off and took a deep breath.

"Don't touch my hair."

It was all he could do to not lose it when she took all of him in, and he immediately thought of the least sexy thing he could think of. Iori approaching him with a sewing needle and telling him to close his eyes. The pain of the first stitch, hands digging into the armrests of the chair like his hands digging into the sheets as Nonon sucked particularly hard between his knees. Her hand replaced her mouth, and a tongue licked at his head, then recoiled. "Ugh. Salty and bitter."

"Not that much different from you, then."

"Eat less meat. You taste disgusting."

"I eat plenty of konnyaku-"

Apparently she'd had enough of his talking, because suddenly her mouth was busy elsewhere. His fingers dug into the bed, his knuckles went chalk while resisting the urge to force her head lower onto him. Back to thinking about gross things. Houka's ass, white from never seeing the sun or leaving his room. That weird muscle twitch Ira did sometimes when he got angry. Toenails. The slippery taste of shampoo in your mouth when you didn't wash your hair out right.

It wasn't working. She cupped his balls in one hand and wrapped the other around his cock, and he knew he wasn't far off. "N-nonon-"

She pulled off of him with a particularly loud suction noise. "*What*."

"I just- I wanted to warn you I'm close." He coughed. "P-please don't stop now."

He could have sworn he felt her grin, but then she was sucking a lot harder and he didn't have much time to think about it.

"*Fuuuuuuuuuck*," he breathed through clenched teeth. "I'm- I'm- c-comi- gUH-"

He spilled into her mouth, and he felt her recoil at it. She pulled away, but her hand pumped throughout. He heard her choke, and reached forward to help. His hand caught her shoulder before her hand slapped him away.

"I'm fine," she muttered. "I just didn't expect my jaw to hurt that much."

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Your spunk tastes gross."

"It's not like you expected it to taste like berries and cream."

"Still."

"Sorry."

"Don't be. It was my idea. Just- next time we do this, we're planning ahead. More veggies for you."

"Next time?"

"Shut up," she mumbled, wiping her mouth absentmindedly.

"Do you want me to make it up to you?" The words were out of his mouth before he knew it. Nonon blinked in surprise.

"What?"

"I said, do you want me to make it up to you?"

"You couldn't get me off when you had eyes to actually see my clit. What makes you think you could get me off blind?" She was already inching her panties off.

There was a noticeable wet spot he could feel when he took them from her, and out of reflex, he squinted at them.

"Were you busy while you were sucking me off?"

He felt her shrug. Whatever. At least if she was already horny, his job would be a lot easier. Strong hands grabbed either side of her hips and lifted her towards his head. She squeaked in surprise.

"What are you doing?"

"Nonon," he mumbled into her thigh.

“What?”

"Ride my face."

“I’m assuming this is a friends with benefits type of relationship? No offense, but you two don’t seem like the type to be a couple, really..”

Uzu felt a hot blush crawl its way into his cheeks. “We’re not dating, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“As if we’d work out. I don’t date idiots.”

“You certainly don’t have a problem sleeping with them.”

“Apparently, neither does Iori.”

“Ouch. I’ll give you that one, snake.”

“Yeah, this whole setting isn’t exactly very romantic.”

“Nonsense. What’s more romantic than rutting in a bathroom stall?”

“Speaking of which, we *were* interrupted…”

“Alright, I get it. I can keep a secret, I suppose, assuming I’m given constant… *incentive* to do so.”

“You wouldn’t fucking dare leak this.”

“Who knows? It could make for a very interesting case study. How do people react when their secrets are exposed for the world to see? I am always available for new data.”

“Keep your mouth shut, you four-eyed dog, unless you want my shoe crammed down your throat.”

“I won’t let a single peep out. As long as it doesn’t inconvenience me or impede my research, or perhaps bother Satsuki-sama, we’ll be golden. See you around.” With an airy wave of his hand, he disappeared as quickly as he’d arrived.

Houka wasn’t five seconds out of the door before she crushed her lips against his in the most possessive kiss she’d ever given him. The message was clear. He wasted no time dragging

her back into the stall, fingers working on the clasp of her bra.

Her fingers barely brushed past his when she untangled herself from him and breathed through her nose quietly. Was it rude to leave your sleeping almost-lover asleep after sex? That was the agreement- sex for sex's sake and nothing else, nothing that could be considered romantic.

The way he'd held her, though, could be described as nothing else.

"Hold me like you're having a religious experience, you piece of shit," she'd growled into his ear, and lo and behold, he had. It'd taken a while, but he'd done it. She slid her legs over the edge of the bed, and gingerly placed her foot on the ground to see if her legs would support her weight. Four goddamn orgasms. It was a miracle she'd woken up before he had.

She let her weight shift forward and her knees buckled underneath her. Apparently, she was still shaky. That was okay with her- she leaned against the bed until her feet seemed steady enough to keep her reasonably upright. Now it was a matter of finding her clothes. They hadn't been particularly careful about how they removed them, after all.

It took her a while to find her panties, but she found them underneath Uzu's bed. By then, she was almost completely dressed, but a thought popped up in her mind as she picked them up.

"Might as well leave you a thank you note. Or a reminder to call me some time when you need to get off." There was some hesitation in her voice. "Not that I'm your booty call or anything, y'know. I just wanna get my rocks off too. Today was… nice. I liked this. We should do it again, or something."

Nonon's voice was tiny and insecure in the empty room, and drowned out by a particularly loud snore.

"Idiot."

His hand was open, fingers still curled around to fit where hers had been, and it was a simple matter to tuck in the tiny scrap of lace and cotton into it. Unconsciously, his hand tightened around her underwear, and something caught in her chest. Was he imagining holding her hand? Had he liked their afternoon together as much as she had?

Well, probably. He's a boy. Boys like sex and boobs. Before she'd realized it, she was cupping her own breasts critically. *Would he like them better if they were bigger? He hadn't seemed to mind in bed*. Pink hair curled around her face as she shook her head, reminding her she needed to tie it back up again. When had it come out of its bun? Was it when he-

"Nonon…"

It was sheer discipline that kept her from screaming out of reflex when he breathed her name in his sleep. His breath was warm against her cheek, and it was then she realized the proximity of his face to hers. Slowly, she straightened up, and took in the sight of him, tangled in his sheets, shirtless and blissful and very deeply asleep. A hand trailed down his chest, chiseled and sticky with drying sweat from their tryst. Sharp nails lefts slight white scratches that bloomed red and vanished into the tan of his bare skin.

Even with his eyes stitched shut, it was obvious he was deeply and peacefully, completely and totally asleep. And it was with that in mind that she leaned forward, hair tickling his face, and closed the distance between his face and hers.

His mouth was soft and warm, lips that tasted like her still. He smelled like men's deodorant, spicy and icy cold, burning her nose, but he was so surprisingly soft compared to the rest of him, all hard angles and muscle. It was almost… endearing.

Her face pulled away so fast she almost gave herself whiplash. It would do her no good to think stupid things about a stupid monkey like him. All he was to her was a warm mouth. Thinking fondly upon your fuck buddy, especially when he was as stupid as Sanageyama, could only lead to disaster. Still, the way her hands and lips and eyes lingered upon him as she left, breeze reminding her she was going fully commando, suggested otherwise.

Chapter End Notes

Talk uzunon to me on my blog at satsukichan on tumblr!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> Uzu's brother comes for a visit, and everything goes as well as you'd expect when your lover's inferiority complex meets a desire for change.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The car in front of the gates was a sleek, shiny black, glossy enough that Nonon could see her own reflection in it, were she close enough to check. Everything about the car, from the freshly upholstered leather seats to the dangerous purr of a powerful engine vibrating into the asphalt below, screamed sophistication. So it was very fitting that the driver stepping out was a tall, strapping young man, with classically handsome features, a fitted suit, and a phone in his hand with the rough dimensions of a credit card. His watch peeked out from under a perfectly done up cuff, a quartz titanium number easily worth more than the average salaryman's house. No doubt that the sunglasses perched on his nose were designer.

Nonon didn't know why she'd stopped outside her door to observe someone like this- she was no stranger to wealth or luxury, and the destruction of Honnoji academy hadn't kept a stream of wealthy sponsors from occasionally visiting. From here, she could see the gently sloping hill, the road to which led down into the city. There was no reason to stand and wait for something to happen, and yet she stood, immobile, observing the anonymous man with the beautiful car.

Perhaps it was that there was something about him that felt vaguely familiar, to the point of unsettling her. The man spoke quietly with the gatekeeper, and stepped back into his car. He had a good jaw and deep green hair, and it wasn't until he'd driven up to where she stood rooted that she realized she'd seen those features before.

"Excuse me, are you a student here?"

His smooth baritone caught her off guard. "You could say that."

Usually, she wouldn't bother with any sort of response, but there was something about him...

"Excellent. I'm here to talk to my youngest brother."

"What year is he in?"

"Not yours, I'm here to talk about his graduation."

Her voice dropped an octave and about twenty degrees. "I'm a third year too."

The man winced. "My sincerest apologies, erm- I didn't catch your name."

"Jakuzure."

"Jakuzure-san! Yes, I'm sure you know where my brother is."

"What's your family name?"

The man removed his sunglasses, and large, expressive eyes told her the answer before he pulled a business card from his wallet (Italian leather, of course) to hand to her. 'For all your Konnyaku needs!' the card cheerily explained, under the kanji she recognized so well.

"I'm Sanageyama, and I'm looking for my brother Uzu. I've heard you're close friends?"

Why was her throat so dry? The elder Sanageyama was only a few centimeters taller than her Sanageyama, and their smiles were identical, crooked and revealing only the tiniest flash of snow white enamel, but yet she found her palms sweaty when she pocketed the laser cut piece of cardstock. Something in her chest tightened.

"You could say that."

“I don’t have time to talk.”

The elder Sanageyama looked critically at his younger brother. A sheen of sweat made his skin glisten, even in the dimly light dojo. “Can you at least stop doing reps? I came all the way down here to talk to you.”

“Mom and dad are coming to graduation, whatever. You’ll be here, whatever. What’s the point in talking about it further? There was no need to come down here to see me. Aren’t you busy managing your branch of the business?”

“I wanted to see my little brother. Is that so wrong?”

“I’m busy.”

“Are you still bent out of shape about middle school?”

Uzu stopped swinging his sword just long enough to look over his shoulder and give him a withering look. “I did something productive. It might not have been getting into the most expensive university in the country, but I stopped getting into petty fights.”

“You started a gang.”

“Unlike you, I actually took time to make friends.”

“I stopped by on the way here to talk to them. They might be delinquents, but they were surprisingly respectful. I thought you might want to know.”

It was a good thing he wasn’t facing him, because there was a noticeable tick in Uzu’s jaw. “They’re my family. Even if they are delinquents, they’ll respect my *aniki*. Delinquents have a sense of honor too.”

“*Aniki*? That’s surprising, coming from you. Do you remember what you called me last time?”

“Look, I’ll be honest. I don’t particularly want to talk to you.”

“Why?”

“Things have started looking up lately. I’m respected around here. I’m a hero. I have friends, good, true friends. They’re like my gang up in Kanto. I’d trust either group with my life. I have trusted them with my life.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

There was a moment of silence as he tried to respond to that.

“I have… *something*. I’m not sure what it is, but there is a girl… ”

“Do I know her?”

“No.”

“Can I meet her?”

“*NO*. And you’re not going to. I have no intentions of introducing her to you.”

“What’s the worst that could happen? I’m not going to steal your girlfriend away.”

“She’s not my girlfriend. She’s... we’re... I’m... “

His brother looked at him critically.

“... It’s complicated.”

“Whatever. Just wrap it before you tap it, or something. It feels like a very older brother-esque thing to tell you, but you’ve got to be safe about these things. Wouldn’t want any surprises.” He gave a nonchalant shrug.

Uzu tried his very best to hide how quickly his face heated up, but his brother’s grin told him he didn’t do a good job. “... She’s on the pill.”

“So it’s *that* kind of relationship? Better do it anyway, just to be safe. If you’re not dating, have you at least agreed to be exclusive?”

“I don’t think she’ll be with anyone else. It doesn’t seem like her.”

“Still, if you haven’t made that agreement, you should definitely be using a rubber. Even if you have, actually. Better safe than sorry.”

“I thought you came by to visit and figure out graduation arrangements, not lecture me on proper condom use.”

“As your older brother, it’s my job to make sure you’re okay. And that you’re not off knocking up your girlfriend.”

“She’s *not* my girlfriend.”

“*Annnnnnnyway*, I’m off to go meet up with a cute girl who asked for my number.”

“Whatever. Don’t get her pregnant. Not that I care or anything.”

“I’ll see you around. Maybe you’ll be more interested in talking if you’ve had some time to think about it? You can call me whenever.” He tried to wave goodbye, but his younger brother had turned his back to him again. Sighing, he headed towards the door, waiting for him to at least bid him farewell. When it became obvious no such thing was coming, he let the door go, stepping through the exit with the tired expression of someone trying to to reason with a stone wall.

He waited for the door to slide shut behind him before giving the sandbag he’d been whaling on the entire time another solid whack. The 20 kilo bag burst open, sand pouring onto the tatami mats beneath his bare feet. It wasn’t until he wiped his face that he realized he’d had his hands clenched the entire time.

“So you’re his older brother?”

The cafe was dimly lit, but even she could see how unbelievably handsome he was. His nose was just a bit straighter, his jaw slightly sharper, his whole face missing any of the adolescent awkwardness that Uzu’s had. They had the same wide eyes, but his were narrowed a bit more, a hint of wrinkle at the corners that suited him instead of aging him too much. Slightly thicker eyebrows. Big hands, like his, with neatly kept fingernails, contrasting the dirty ones she was always nagging him to clean (“*You are not fingering me with those filthy things. Wash your fucking hands*.”). His shoulders were broader, his hair neater, his feet larger.

She resisted the temptation to drop something under the table and check if there were other parts of him that were larger, too. A thick, dry lump formed in her throat, and she swallowed with some difficulty while she struggled to pay closer attention to the conversation.

“Five years older. I just got out of university, in fact.”

“You help run the family business?”

“I manage the biggest branch in Japan, up in Northern Kanto. It’s where we grew up.”

“Both of you?”

“Yeah. Uzu-kun ran a gang up there. They’re still up there, actually. He sends all of his money over to help them manage things, but that’s like him, you know? He cares a lot more than he lets on. It’s kinda cute, for a punk like him.”

As weird as it was to hear him referred to with such a brotherly honorific, it was even weirder to know more about him. She’d known about the gang, obviously (she’d been there), but to hear it from someone who’d watched him grow up was almost surreal.

Weirder still was how she kept lingering on his hands, imagining them holding her tight-

She took a long sip of her coffee and spoke to try and block out any images that might form in her head. “How’s your relationship? To be quite frank, you two don’t seem very close. I didn’t even know he had an older brother.”

He winced. “We had a very severe falling out when he was in middle school, right before I left to go to university.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that, or to have brought up any bad memories-”

“It’s alright. Long story short, he was a complete brat. He caused our parents no shortage of trouble, getting into fights with other students, petty theft, disrupting class- everything. The only thing he excelled at was causing trouble, and going to his kendo classes. We got into a fight because, in all honesty, my parents favored me. I had always had excellent grades, was student council president, no problems, a girlfriend, got into one of the top universities in the country, respected my parents, while he was constantly getting suspended. I punched him in the face.”

“Oh.”

“I told him that he should do something honorable with his time. Even if he’d never be an ideal son, like me, he could use his energy and charisma and channel it into something useful. So he did.” He cleared his throat. “He started the most powerful gang in the region. All middle schoolers. All delinquents. Kept him out of our parents’ hair.”

“That’s- I’m-”

“He still has an inferiority complex, a really nasty streak of it that shows up every time I do. I’ve apologized to him countless times, told him that he’s grown into a great man- but still, I know he resents me.”

Nonon sat silently, the silence punctuated by a sip from her cup. What once was bitter was now very sweet, thanks to the countless empty sugar packets piled neatly by her plate of cookies. Was she still immature, too? Would he assumed she was childish because of her unfortunate height? Because of her love of sweets? Because-

A warm hand closed over hers, and she looked up, startled, to find him pressing his lips to the back of her hand.

“But why am I talking about him, when I’m here for you? I don’t want to disrupt our date with talk about my brother. I’m here for you. Tell me about yourself.”

Something warm fluttered in her chest, and then something warmer fluttered down in the pit of her stomach. Face reddening, she looked into those pretty, if unfamiliar eyes, and said the first thing that came to mind.

“I’m eighteen… “

“Should I call up a cab for you? It’s pretty late. I wouldn’t want you walking home alone.”

It was nearing midnight, and for some reason, she felt very Cinderella-esque. Would he lose interest in her the moment the clock struck twelve? Would the spell be broken? She shivered without meaning to, and seconds later she felt the warmth of a huge jacket being draped over her tiny frame. Looking up, the reassuring smile of the man standing in front of her steeled her resolve (and *damn* if he didn’t look incredible in only a fitted dress shirt). Clutching her tiny purse closer, she shook her head.

“No cab. I can take care of myself, believe me. It’s just-”

He frowned. “Just what?”

“I’d rather take a cab with you, in all honesty.”

“I’m not sleeping in Uzu’s room, though. He kicked me out and threw out my bags, actually. I’m staying at a hotel… ”

She inhaled deeply. “I know.”

“Oh.”

“It’s late. Cabs get pretty sparse after midnight…”

“Are you sure about this?”

She was already moving into his arms when she nodded. “I’m sure. It’s been a wonderful night. You’re a real gentleman... mmrpgh-”

She tried to say his name, but the warmth of his lips against hers cut her off. Immediately, his vast experience made itself very clear. The warmth in her lower abdomen crawled lower, and she found herself with her hands against him, one rumpling his perfect shirt collar, the other in his hair as she pressed herself against him.

He didn't let her go in the taxi either, mouth finding places she didn't even know could make her cry out, kisses that were half sucking, half tender warmth, on her earlobes, her neck, under her chin, and her mouth, over and over again. Just when she was sure he'd bruise, he'd kiss it better, marks trailing down her throat, to her collarbones, where he paused for an instant before working at the front of her dress to kiss her breasts.

When her legs hit the hotel bed, he stopped his assault on her chest to brush his lips past her ear again, raising shivers across her entire body.

"I'm asking again. Are you sure about this?"

"*Please* don't stop what you're doing."

"Alright."

When his tongue flicked against her nipple, small and hard partly from the cold, partly from his ministrations, she let out the first moan. He would not stop teasing her, small licks and kisses that reduced her to a puddle of nerves, writhing in his arms, and he hadn't even gotten below her ribcage yet. She could feel her panties clinging to her form as she tried to grind herself against his leg, but he would make her be patient. There was nothing more unlike her, and her whines escalated until finally, *finally*, he slipped her dress off and headed south.

It was all she could do to not immediately come when he rocked his palm against her, smirking when he found her wet. At this point, she had her fist in her mouth, teeth marks dotting her fingers where she refused to cry out so much. She lost it when his fingers brushed against her clit, doing a much better job than anyone, herself included, had ever done, and he let her shake violently, teeth digging into the meat of her forearm, and slipped a finger inside.

It didn't take much longer for her to come again, from his fingers alone this time, moving apart to the time of her thrusting against his hand. Her legs were weak, and she needed something else, something to fill her- and then the rest of his clothes were off and she could only stare between shaking legs, slick with anticipation.

She had been dead right about him being bigger in many ways than Uzu. It took a saintlike amount of patience to watch him rip open that familiar foil packet and not tell him to forget it.

When he pushed into her, she let out a huge gasp, stifled quickly with another kiss. Goddamn, could he kiss. And this- this was different. Very different. It hit her as she tried not to scream into his ears how inexperienced she was by comparison. This was a whole other ballgame, and she was way out of her league.

But was it better?

In many, many (many, many, *many* ways), yes. Through incomprehensible moans and tightly shut eyes, she could barely see him, thrusting deeper into her than anything else had before, gripping her close as she cried out, tumbling over the edge a third time. As she neared a fourth (exhausted) orgasm, a breath of hot hair warmed her cheek as he leaned in close to whisper in her ear, a hearty baritone-

“I’m coming-”

She opened her eyes to see his face tighten, and as she tightened around him, something else clenched in her chest.

For an instant, he was a dead ringer for his brother.

It was probably the weirdest orgasm she’d ever had in her life, tears slipping from the corners of her eyes as she screamed, drool spilling down her face, all dignity lost in one final freefall from heaven. They finished, panting, and with her eyes closed, she felt and heard the now familiar wet sound of him pulling out.

“That was incredible.”

Nonon tried to nod, but it was hard to do that with her head tilted back so far into the pillow that her hair was almost falling into the crack between the bed and the wall.

“I’m going to take a shower. If you want, you can go first-”

“No, it’s- it’s okay. I’m just gonna sleep it off, if you don’t mind… I don’t think I can stand up right now.”

There was a chuckle, and he swooped down to kiss her swollen mouth one more time.

“You’re beautiful.”

She waited to hear the shower water turn on before she curled onto her side. One side of the pillow was damp with sweat, and as she muffled her uncontrollable sobbing into the other side, with tears.

“How was your date?”

His eyes flickered to his brother’s. There was definitely a smile in his eyes, even though his mouth was set in a straight line. He rolled his eyes and concentrated on his bamboo sword.

“It was pretty... nice.”

“Huh. So you got laid?”

“That’s a crude way to say it. She’s a beautiful lady.”

“Was she really?”

“Short, sweet, a bit shy, but eager. I like those things in girls.”

“So that’s your type? Figures.”

“What do you like?”

“I like short girls too, but I like fighting spirit. I like girls I could fight to a draw. I like girls that could beat the shit out of me.”

“Is your- ‘*friend*’- like that?”

“I guess so?”

He laughed. “My date was nothing like that. I don’t know, I like delicate. Dainty.”

“We’re brothers. We don’t need to have the same taste.”

“The only taste we should share is in drinks. How about it? When you graduate, I’ll take you drinking.”

His sword slowed to a halt. “You serious? I’m still underage.”

“Getting drunk once with your *aniki*- what about it? We’ll lie about your age. It’ll be okay.”

“You’re such a stickler for rules. What would Mother and Father say?”

“It can be our little secret. Plus, I bet alcohol would loosen your tongue. I haven’t had a real talk to you in a long time. What about it?”

Uzu laughed. “You, breaking the law, to get me to talk? I’m in.”

The elder Sanageyama outstretched his hand, and as he reached out to take it, he heard a knock against the wooden frame of the paper door. Fingers brushing against his brother’s palm, he paused. “I’ll get that.”

In the hall waited the last person he’d expected. Nonon Jakuzure was always really small, but for some reason, today she felt even smaller. He propped an eyebrow.

“I thought you said you didn’t like to fuck me when I was sweaty after practice.”

“Classy as always,” she muttered, but for some odd reason, it lacked the edge her words always had. Eyebrows dropped, then furrowed.

“You okay, Jakuzure?”

“... There’s something important I need to tell you.”

Oh no. Oh no. Oh god, he should have worn a condom that last time. Visions of a tiny Nonon, huge at the midsection, popped into his head. How the fuck would they support a baby? How could he have fucked up this badly? How the fuck did you change a diaper?

No! It didn’t matter! It was his responsibility. It was the honorable thing to do! He knocked her up, he’d face the trouble. His brother could make fun of him forever, but-

"... If it's you, I'll stay with you no matter what. We'll raise it together. No. Marry me."

For an instant, the concern weighing heavy on her brow disappeared, to be replaced with utter confusement. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"You're pregnant, right? Keep the baby. We'll get married."

"*WHAT*? No! I'm not pregnant, it's not that, it's-"

"Oh, thank god."

"No, this is important. I… made a mistake."

"What the hell do you mean? Is it something related to your birth control?"

"For once in your life, this isn't about your dick. It's- I'm-"

"Yes?"

"I'm in l-"

The door slid open, and Uzu's older brother stepped out. As he turned back to face Nonon, he noticed she'd gone chalk white. Wrinkling his forehead in confusion, he turned back to his brother, who gave him a huge wink and a grin. This wasn't making him understand anything new.

Something was very, very wrong, and the first hint came as he swooped down to kiss Nonon's cheek. She didn't even move or tell him to go die in a hole. If even possible, she seemed to have gotten even paler. If she weren't sweating, he'd had thought she'd been drained of blood or turned into a marble statue.

She was certainly beautiful enough to be one.

"I've heard you're acquainted, right? Uzu, this is my date from last night. I presume you know each other? Miss Jakuzure-"

His hands were on her shoulders in an all too familiar way, and his body realized what he'd said before his mind caught up.

"... my brother, U-"

"Get your hands off of her right. Now."

"Huh?"

Nonon couldn't even look him in the eye. "Uzu, I-"

"Get your *FUCKING* hands off of her!"

She didn't even see him move. His hands were at his collar before she could look up, and when they slammed against wall, a button popped off and landed at her feet. There was ice in

her veins, and there was fire in his.

Sanageyama the elder looked at her, then at him, and his mouth visibly mouthed the word ‘oh’ before Uzu let him go.

“Uzu, I was going to tell you-”

“You did this on purpose, didn’t you-”

“I swear to god-”

“I didn’t know, Uzu, seriously-”

“You *fucker*-”

“I didn’t tell him-”

“Shut the *FUCK* up-”

“Don’t yell at her!”

“I was going to tell you, I didn’t mean for you to find out like this-”

“I thought we had a thing!” His hands loosened their, grip, and fell to his sides, fists clenched so hard that his bloodless knuckles looked like bone. For the second time in the past day, a dry lump in her throat formed, but she couldn’t swallow this one the way she had the last one. Looking up, she saw his face, and her heart fell into her stomach. There were tears forming at the corners of his eyes, and he looked like nothing more than a lost child.

“I thought we had something different. Even if it was just sex-”

“Uzu…”

“I thought we had something… special.”

It hurt her more than she’d ever admit to say the next words. “Not like that.”

The tallest man rubbed at his throat ruefully, where his collar had reddened his pale skin. “So you really didn’t agree to be exclusive? That’s kind of an important factor in a friends with benefits relationship-”

Uzu had turned away, but he turned back with a viciousness she hadn’t seen since before the destruction of Honnouji academy. When his fist connected with his nose, there was an audible crunch, and blood sprayed across the wall. She let out a shrill squeak.

His brother looked dumbfounded, and still painfully attractive, even with blood gushing over his chin.

“Uzu, I am so, so sorry-”

“An eye for an eye? Gandhi would disagree, but I guess it’s only fair-”

“I’ve been blind before. They held me down and sewed my eyelids shut. And guess what? It still hurt less than this.”

She knelt by the bleeding man as he turned away. “Do you want me to get you some ice? God, that looks broken- I’m so sorry, I should have told you-”

“You’ve done enough already, haven’t you?”

Fear gripped her heart as he walked away. “Uzu, wait-”

“Don’t take it out on her, Uzu. It’s not her fault you-”

“You *what*? Couldn’t measure up? I get it, alright? I’m the fuckup. You’re the golden child. You’re mister fucking perfect. You goddamned *bastard*-”

He drew his foot back to kick him in the face, and instinct kicked in as she threw herself between them. His foot stopped millimeters from her face.

“You’re just mad he’s better in the sack.”

It was always in her nature to be cruel, but regret hit instantly as he saw something die in his eyes. His foot wavered, and then he turned on his heel so quickly he dropped his sword behind him. “WAIT-”

“Thank you for saving me from a concussion, but that was a bit unnecessary, wasn’t it?”

He didn’t look half as pretty with his face swollen and his clothes ruined. Her teeth clenched audibly. She’d gone soft. His face contorted with pain as he scrunched up his face, but she stood unsteadily anyway, and looked down with the most contempt she could muster. Anything to save face.

“I should have let him kick you.”

The sword made for a good prop, and she numbly made her way through the corridors, dragging the thing behind her. It was a large sword for a large man, and for a tiny woman, it was even bigger in proportion to her. Everyone with any common sense steered clear of her, blood on her skirt, murder in her eyes, but it took one stubborn dog to set her off.

Houka smiled down at her with a face that could have set off the most patient person in the world, which she certainly was not at the moment. “So the slithering snake reveals herself. What’s the matter between you and the monkey? He stormed through a minute ago, sobbing like a newborn. Did you break his heart or something?”

“Inumuta, I’m warning you. Shut the fuck up.”

“Not your usual brand of snark, really. I’d say it was subpar. Have a lover’s spat-”

He didn’t get to finish that sentence because, as small as Nonon Jakuzure was, she was also a hell of a lot stronger than one would assume, and things such as lifting a wooden sword more

than half her height above her head and smashing it like bat into someone's face was not beyond her capabilities.

The nerd spit blood (and she suspected, teeth) and as the crowd drew back, she dropped the sword by his feet.

"You're a fucking idiot, and your blog *sucks*."

She was running before she could start crying, and when she ran into the girl's room (the one place she knew Ira wouldn't break the door down), the entire place emptied immediately. A straggling girl got a small hand in her hair and was viciously thrown out on her ass, mascara still in hand. She shut the door behind her and let the click of the lock echo through the room before she allowed the first tear to fall down her face, a whole cascade of them pouring through her fingers and onto her lap where she still held the chocolates she'd planned to give him.

They read, "*For your loved one*".

Chapter End Notes

This was super angsty melodramatic soap-opera esque, but expect nothing else about a show that takes place in a universe where people's clothes try to eat them and people fight in little more than dental floss. My blog is satsukichan on tumblr.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

A very long story of both past and present events, drunken confessions, and things, like the title and a series of terrible puns, better left unsaid.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took several hours of coaxing to get her to leave the bathroom, and it was Gamagoori himself who picked her up and carried her to her room. She was breathing, and her eyes were open. Otherwise, she was completely limp and unresponsive. As he shut the door, a familiar walk brought his attention away from the curious problem of Nonon Jakuzure's violent outburst.

"Satsuki-sama…"

Even in a cramped dormitory hallway, she stood regally. Her newfound preference for longer skirts inspired something akin to motherliness, and he had to admit they suited her well.

"Inumuta's jaw has been rewired."

"She *broke* it?"

"It'll be healed soon. The Medical Club knows their stuff. What concerns me more is the broken nose of Sanageyama's older brother."

"Was that her doing as well?"

"That was Uzu's. Clearly, something happened, and although Houka certainly seems to know more than we do, he's not going to be able to tell us anytime soon, between his mouth literally being wired shut and the amount of pain medication he's on right now."

"This is a dilemma I never anticipated."

"I have my suspicions as what could be the problem. But to confirm that, I'd either have to talk to Sanageyama or Jakuzure, and neither are going to be in the mood to talk about it until they sleep it off."

She lay in bed and stared at her ceiling, nearly catatonic.

At this point, words, tears, movement, and anything but laying in bed blankly at the ceiling was past her capabilities. Numbness had set in after several hours of sobbing in a tiny, smelly bathroom, her skirt ruined by the dirty floor, chocolates all eaten and any evidence that they'd even existed ripped up and flushed down a toilet. The aftertaste of cheap candy lingered in the back of her throat, and she fought the impulse to throw up.

There was no reason to be this broken up over some stupid boy with a pretty face. Eyes red from crying, she sat up and rubbed her face. Why she had so publicly humiliated herself was beyond her, and for him? Him, out of all the people she could have chosen to fall-

Her throat threatened to close shut, her heart gripped tightly. *No. Not again.*

There were a lot of good memories she had associated with Uzu Sanageyama, mostly in bed, mostly involving his mouth between her thighs. But if it were only his (surprisingly skilled) tongue she missed, why was she so upset?

A quiet sob choked out against her will. Goddamnit. Her fingers trailed a line down past her navel, down to the hem of the dress that had ridden up when she'd flopped onto her bed, boneless from so much emotion. She paused momentarily when her hand snaked past the elastic of her underwear.

If Uzu had been right about one thing, it was the object of her 1 AM fantasies. Even though she would never tell him, the amount of times she had thought about Satsuki touching her while she touched herself was impossibly humiliating. She'd do a better job of it, probably, would make her come faster, but Nonon didn't need her help to make her scream her name- she had tasted Satsuki's name on her lips one too many times for it to be a coincidence. What was really surprising to her was who was in her mind when she reached into her panties.

It was justifiable. Uzu had made her come in bed at least as many times as her own hand and visions of Satsuki's kamui had. And hormones did weird things to your sexual appetites. She rocked her palm against herself and sighed.

As her fingers got to work rubbing herself, she thought a lot about that month she had thought Satsuki was dead.

As it turns out, it was hard to get off to the girl you'd loved for thirteen years when you were wondering how you'd recover her corpse. But wearing nothing but belts left a lot of opportunities for quickies, and there wasn't really much to do to when you weren't trying to destroy Covers, after all...

"Your dick guns are in the way again. Move them. You'll bruise my hips."

There was a surprisingly huge amount of privacy for the headquarters of an organization titled "Nudist Beach", perhaps because the extreme lack of clothing came with a lot of accessibility. She appreciated the time alone, because whenever the hopelessness started to bite at the back of her throat, she could always pull him into a discreet corner and they could fuck until she could only think of his body against hers. Sometimes it was rough, sometimes it was gentle, but their unspoken agreement to use each other's bodies as a form of mental release, if only for an hour, was what had kept her going through most of it.

The complete desexualization of their nudity only worked when she wasn't crying in the middle of the night. They had agreed to this sleeping arrangement because a blind boy and a girl who was pretty much constantly naked seemed like the best option for roommates under the circumstances, as opposed to Ira or Houka (not that her nudity would be any sort of distraction for him). She had specifically requested it, even though she had been assigned to sleep in the women's barracks.

"I'd rather have someone I know and trust, if that's okay."

If they suspected or even knew anything, they didn't bother teasing her. And it was a good thing they let it slide, because the nightmares she had of Satsuki's rotting corpse still made her heartsick.

The first time she woke him up in the middle of the night, he complained.

"I'm trying to sleep, y'know."

She'd tried to stifle the crying, but he must have noticed, because his voice went soft. "Oh."

"It's nothing."

"Are you thinking of her?"

"No, I'm not. Go back to sleep, monkey."

He ignored her and made his way to sit next to her. "It's okay to be scared. I'm scared shitless. We just have to believe she'll be okay."

"I'm not crying about her."

"It's not like you to cry at all. Where's the Jakuzure that'd rather die than be seen like this?"

"You can't see me at all."

"Fair enough."

She turned away so that she wasn't facing him, and felt lips on her bare skin. Head turning back in surprise, she saw he had pressed a kiss to her shoulder. Instinct tensed her muscles, and he drew back as she visibly cringed away from his touch.

"I don't want to have sex right now, asshole."

“It’s not about me. I just want to make you feel good, so that you don’t have to think about anything for a little while. Even if it’s only temporary, if I can distract you for a bit, it’d be worth it.”

A tiny smile crossed her face. “That’s surprisingly sweet of you.”

“I’m not going to snark at someone who was just crying.”

At night, he didn’t wear his blindfold, so she could see all of his expressions, even if they vaguely muted by the unsettling stitches in his face. It was obvious he was being genuine, and that made something in her gut twist. Something about letting him do this felt right, but there was a boundary being crossed here, and they both knew it.

It was three AM, and she didn’t care.

His fingers ghosted across her skin until they rested on either side of her shoulders. A roll of his wrists and she could already feel the knots in her back start to dissolve. As he worked his way down her back, her entire body loosened, and she leaned into his touch. This was comfortable, and her body went limp. How much stress had her body accumulated? Even her breathing slowed as he massaged her back, going on until she felt light and limber and boneless.

Almost lazily, she let her head fall back so he could press another kiss against the base of her neck, working his way up her jaw. Lips hesitated at the corner of her mouth, and she felt her breath catch.

If he had kissed her then, she didn’t know what might have happened. Instead, he veered away and nipped at her earlobe, her breathy sigh punctuating the silence of the middle of the night.

There was an almost reverent quality to his touch tonight, but she tried not to contemplate it as he grazed her lower abdomen with his mouth. There was only one thing he was good for and it was-

“Ah…”

A hand tangled in his hair as he worked between her legs. Anyone who could eat her out as well as he could was a keeper. The long hair was a plus. She liked having something to hold onto.

But really, they’d come so far. Only a few months ago, he’d had no idea how to hold her, and it had taken many failed attempts to get her off before they could enjoy the sex they had together. And now he was taking the initiative to please her before she could ask. The sight of him kneeling before her was a sight she was getting used to, but it wasn’t about to get old any time soon.

When had he gotten so good at this, though? If she didn’t know better, she’d have thought he was practicing. The moans started pouring out when he slid the first finger in, curling inside her in a way that made the thighs press harder against his head, drawing him closer. His nose

pressed against her clit when he dipped his tongue in, and she saw stars. There was nothing more she wanted than to thoroughly fuck his face, but sitting on her bed, that was easier said than done.

Still, it was a sweet orgasm, and she was nearly asleep when she collapsed backwards, still breathing heavily.

"Thanks."

"S'no problem," he mumbled, heading back in the direction of his own bed.

"Wait." Her hand encircled his wrist, and he stopped. "Stay with me."

"I-"

She let her voice soften. "What if I have another nightmare?"

"I'm not sure if my jaw can take a round two."

"Please, just stay with me."

His sigh was almost inaudible, but he climbed in next to her, keeping space between the two of them. This was unacceptable. In the darkness, she scooted closer, and he let out a strangled noise when they pressed together.

The problem was obvious, if not particularly huge.

"If you got excited by that, why didn't you just tell me instead of sneaking back to beat off?"

"I offered to take care of you. Asking for some… help *doesn't feel very gentlemanly."*

Her hand reached for him, and he jerked back.

"You don't have to-"

"I want to. Let me."

It had always surprised her how soft he was down there. Velvety on the surface, and rock hard underneath. She stroked slowly, taking her time to appreciate the shifts in his breathing as she moved faster. They didn't speak until he grunted and she felt something hot and wet spill over her hand.

Even though his apology was more of a rasp than an actual articulate response, she said nothing as she cleaned them both off. It was too late for words, anyway, and as she settled in bed with her back to him, she could feel him behind her, arms holding her close. The physical closeness almost made her forget what had necessitated such measures, and that suited her fine.

Nonon pretended she hadn't felt the kiss at the top of her head as she drifted back into a dreamless sleep.

Damn her if she didn’t miss him now. At the very least, even if he wasn’t particularly packing anything massive downstairs, he had thicker fingers than she did. The last rub against her clit sent her over, tears and saliva spilling everywhere as she came. The only thing she regretted for the moment was that she hadn’t put new batteries into the pretty pink Hitachi she kept hidden in her underwear drawer.

Well, that, among other things.

He'd done a lot of things in bed in the past few months, but crying like a team defeated at their championship match was not the most enjoyable, although he did wonder if it was really the most embarrassing. Each time he wiped tears away, new ones replaced them, until he simply let them fall unchecked. It wasn't the crying that humiliated him, however, but the small choking noises he made when he thought of her. There had to be something festering in his chest, because it hurt so bad he thought his heart had died and started rotting, killing the rest of him from the inside. But he could feel it beating against his will, healthy and seemingly oblivious to his pain. Something in his stomach gurgled unpleasantly, acid churned, as he thought about her and-

Luckily, for the sake of Sanageyama "Nii-san" and his well being, he managed to cut himself off before he remembered-

(how soft her hair was, how she was small and fit in his arms like she belonged there, how much he loved it when she pulled at his hair, and gave him breathless little kisses all over his face, how she screamed his name into the crook of his neck where it met his shoulder whenever he made her come, how she would hold him after and stay quiet until they inevitably had to get up, how much it hurt him to see her go...)

Had she done the same for him? Did she cry when she came like she did the first time they-

Bile burned in his mouth and he slapped a hand over it, fighting the instinct to retch violently. The less he thought about them together, the better off he’d be. He was torturing himself for no reason, and all it’d make him was more bitter.

Now that he really thought about it, though, his brother (*king motherfucker of prolapsed asshole land*) had had a point (*that cocksucking shit for brains, rancid cum soaked, smegma infested lying, cheating, backstabbing maggot their mother should have swallowed instead of birthed*). Maybe they really should have worked out whether or not they’d be exclusive before they’d done anything.

Was he justified in his anger? The boiling pit of pure acid sloshing around in his stomach at the very thought of her and his brother (*may his cock rot, let his balls be torn off and chewed up by rabid dogs, someone fuck him with a cactus while he has hemorrhoids so he'd be shitting blood and needles for weeks, set him on fire, put bamboo splinters under his fingernails and make him climb out of a well filling with water. No, acid*) said yes, but there was a sense of unease, still. Technically speaking, she'd done nothing wrong.

So why the fuck was he so angry about it? She didn't belong to him. She wasn't his.

She'd never been his.
She'd never be his.

"Fuck."

The first thing he'd spoken out loud in hours, and it was to realize how much of an idiot they'd both been. He barked out something that sounded like a laugh, although there was too much of an edge to it to truly be one of amusement.

Maybe he should have realized she wasn't his if she was too busy being someone else's. Everyone knew how she felt for Satsuki. Hell, he'd have never suspected she was interested in boys in the slightest right up until she asked him for this arrangement.

But fucking my brother wasn't very gay of you, Nonon.

There was something off about the entire thing. Why would she just run after his brother, anyway? If she was so obviously in love with Satsuki, it didn't make any sense. They had agreed to use each other's bodies, and only their bodies, a strictly physical relationship, even if not strictly limited to each other's company only, as he'd learned the hard way.

Maybe I should do the same? Hakodate might be willing, if I asked properly…

It didn't feel right. Even if she was just a friend he was sleeping with (or at least had been sleeping with), and even if she had slept with his brother, she deserved better than him fucking some other girl for the sake of petty revenge.

But why? He was perfectly entitled to- as his dickmunching brother had pointed out, they really hadn't ever been exclusive. Why the hesitation? Nonon Jakuzure was his friend, and his lover too, but nothing more.

Something ticked in his head. *Ah. That's it.*

How could he have been so blind?

This time, the laugh that exploded out of his chest was one of amusement, and he laughed until his sides ached and there were tears spilling down his face. The irony burned him, and then the tears were nearing sobs again. *I fucked up. We fucked up. We're fucked up.*

A knock at his door dried his tears immediately.

She hadn't left her room in days when Satsuki finally showed up to drag her out. The door slammed open, the doorknob cracking the plaster of the wall behind her. There was no way she could hide, so she did the next best thing and dove under her covers. Pulling the pink comforter over her head, she screamed.

"I'm not dressed!"

"Don't care. I've seen you naked before. Get up."

"No!"

Cold air hit her skin and she found herself curled up in a ball as the sheets went flying everywhere. Classily clad in a blouse and a high waisted skirt was her best friend and childhood crush. It was not fair how unbelievably hot she was, so the next words out of her mouth were a shock.

"Get ready. We're going out on a date."

"What?"

"I'll be sitting here for twenty minutes. Get showered and dressed."

Nonon did not need to be told twice.

"You meant a friend date, right?"

Satsuki did not answer. Her hair had been piled up and put into an intricate bun, and she found herself staring at it as they walked along a path. She'd never gotten dressed so quickly, and looking closely at Satsuki's face, she was still in awe of how beautiful it was. Her skin was completely flawless, and she could tell she wore no makeup at all.

All she could do as they went on their way was criticize every choice she'd made in clothing. Her hair was in a ponytail, was that too casual? Should she have stuck with a pretty bun or would it have been too similar to hers? Were thigh highs cute or childish? Those stockings suited Satsuki a lot, but would black tights really suit her? This dress was the first thing she'd found in her closet. Would Satsuki like her pink dress, or did it clash with the cardigan? What if the white reminded her of her past three star uniforms? And her shoes were stupid- mary janes with heart cutouts? It was probably time to leave behind the pink and the hearts- but she loved the pink and the hearts…

Between Nonon's nonstop worrying and Satsuki's silence, they didn't speak until they found a small cafe by the side of the road, somewhere between the remains of the two star district

and the first. It was what she might call “quaint” if she was being generous (read: patronizing), but the brick walls and flowers could have been dirt for all she cared. They had barely sat down before they had their menus set in front of them. With butterflies flitting in her stomach, she stammered out the first thing she read off the dessert menu.

“I’ll have one too, and a pot of your finest earl grey, if you would.”

The girl across the table from her was too beautiful to exist properly in this world, or at least Nonon’s. Her vision wavered, and she swore she could see her glowing.

“We need to have a serious talk. Nonon. Nonon? Are you listening to me?”

“Huh? Oh! Sorry, what was that?”

She sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “I’ve been hearing things about your relationship with Sanageyama.”

Nonon’s stomach dropped.

“Specifically, regarding that incident with Inumuta.”

Her stomach dug through the crust of the earth and began its descent to hell.

“I think there are actually a lot of things that need to be discussed.”

“Oh.”

Her voice was very small, and her fingers dug into her knees. Maybe her obvious discomfort was apparent to Satsuki, because her voice softened.

“I’m not angry. I was notified that Inumuta had been harassing you, which is unacceptable behavior, although breaking his jaw is perhaps the poster example of inappropriately proportioned retribution. In any case, even though it’s a hassle, he’ll recover in no time. No, it’s your emotional state I’m concerned about.”

The tears that had been threatening to form at the corner of her eyes disappeared. Looking up, she caught Satsuki’s eye, and her face softened into a gentle smile. Her heart twinged.

“Are you saying you’re worried about my feelings?”

“I am. You’re my best friend, after all. I’m sorry if I’ve neglected our friendship in favor of spending time with Ryuko, it’s just that we have a lot to catch up on. I’m here now, and whenever you need me, I’m always a phone call away.”

Of course. Despite all of the time she’d spent hanging out with her little sister, she would always be her friend. Something warm billowed in her tummy, and she found herself smiling back. “That means a lot to me.”

“I know it does.

“Thank you.”

“Friendship aside, it’s your relationship with Sanageyama that’s worrying me. You guys are a lot closer than you let on in public, aren’t you?”

“I-”

The waitress returned with their tea, and poured them both cups of steaming hot liquid. She managed to drinks hers without flinching at the intense heat, managing to keep eye contact with Satsuki, whose facial expression did not change in the slightest as she drank. The eye contact remained as their pastries were set down, some frilly, cream filled affair she had no interest in.

They waited for their server to leave before Satsuki fixed her intense stare on her.

“I guess you could say we’re pretty close…”

“Are you dating?”

Nonon had been taking a long drink from her cup to avoid speaking as much as possible, and choked. Their server rushed over to pat tea strains away from the tablecloth while her face burned violently. There was a small frown on her date’s face, and when Nonon tentatively raised the cup back to her face, she reached out and grabbed her wrist with a cool, slender hand. She flinched, and Satsuki guided her hand back down to the table. “No more tea drinking for you. Explain yourself.”

“We’re not dating.”

“But you are close?”

“I would say we’re just…” She bit back the intense desire to run away and continued, breathing deeply. “We’re just… intimate.”

“Ah. It’s that sort of relationship, then?”

She nodded.

“Two of my generals, sleeping together under my very nose, and I never caught it? Interesting.” She caught herself and shook her head. “My apologies. It’s second nature at this point. But really, two of my closest friends and you still managed to hide it well enough to conceal this from me. Color me impressed.”

Nonon’s face was practically on fire.

“I did have my suspicions, but I didn’t think I’d be so on the mark. Either way, it means this care package I prepared won’t go to waste.”

“Care package?”

The taller girl rummaged in her bag for a moment before handing over a sparkly pink heart shaped box roughly the size of a soccer ball. She took it hesitantly before working her fingers under the lid.

“I took care to have it match your preferred aesthetic, so as to conceal its true purpose and camouflage it in your room, although I also made sure you can carry them around…”

The entire box was filled with condoms, various forms of birth control, prescriptions to acquire more, already signed under her name, lube-

If she had thought she was embarrassed before, it was nothing compared to how she felt now. A faint rushing noise rang in her ears, and her face fell into her hands, elbows dropping between her knees. The heat radiating off of her could have probably reheated her cooling tea.

“Oh my god, please just kill me now.”

Satsuki’s head tilted slightly while trying to maintain eye contact. “There’s nothing to be ashamed of. I don’t disapprove of your relationship, I just want you to be safe.”

“Can we just please, please get the check? I can’t talk about this here.”

She raised a hand above her head immediately. Their waitress came scurrying over.

“We’re leaving. This should cover any and all expenses. Keep the change.”

As she spoke, she stood and slipped a bill into their flustered server’s hand. If Nonon’s eyes weren’t deceiving her, that was at least two zeroes more than necessary, even if she very generously calculated the costs, tax and tip. Their server went wide eyed and started stammering, but Satsuki wasn’t about to sit around and wait for that to happen. She was already out the door before Nonon scrambled to pick up her box and run after her, their cake with chantilly cream untouched.

“Satsuki-chan! Wait!”

The taller girl walked off ahead of her, forcing her to jog with a giant box of sex related products in her arms. This continued on for a few minutes, her desperately trying to catch up to Satsuki as they headed into the abandoned area between districts.

“Satsuki-”

Just as she caught up to her, something very strange happened. Satsuki moved in a way she’d only seen her move during a fight, and just as she tensed, she felt an arm catch the small of her back, and then a feeling she had come to know very well.

It was the most unexpected kiss she’d ever received, soft and warm, and it was the girl she’d loved for years, and yet it didn’t feel right. Then there was a kiss to her jaw, and another to her throat. Her fingers went boneless and she dropped her box, the contents cascading over their feet, and as she pressed her lips against her collarbone, Nonon found her voice again.

“U-uzu…”

Satsuki paused her ministrations long enough for her to realize what she’d just said.

“I *was* right.”

“Oh god.”

Her knees gave out and she collapsed onto the pavement, four centimeters deep in rubbers. One of them had ripped open when she’d scraped the packaging open against the rough asphalt. She picked it up, numbly, and noticed it was neon pink.

The mental image of Uzu with a bright pink dick was too much for her, amongst everything else. The first chuckle slipped out, and then another, and then she was shaking with laughter, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. This was too much for her. This entire week was too much for her. Her laugh faded out, the remaining smile shaky. When the first tear slid down her cheek, she didn’t bother wiping it away, and let it fall. The second one rolled down, and the third, and the first choked sob slipped out against her will, and then she was weeping in earnest, hands in her face. There was a rustle of cloth and she felt Satsuki’s presence near her, quietly picking up the condoms to put back in the box. They crouched like that for a few minutes, her patiently packing the box back up neatly while she wept into her hands.

There was a warm hand on her back again, and this time Satsuki pulled her into a hug instead of a kiss. The warmth leached through her blouse, and she held on tight, suddenly freezing in the early spring chill.

“I’m sorry I did that. It was cruel of me to use your feelings for me like that.”

“How long have you known?”

“The entire time.”

She let out a noise halfway between a laugh and a sob. “Of course you did.”

“If it’s any consolation at all, your infatuation with me was very touching. I’m sorry I never acknowledged it. I didn’t know how to. In all honesty, I still don’t.”

“This was certainly one way to do it.”

“I might not share your feelings, but you are still someone who’s very, very important to me. I want you to be happy with Uzu.”

Her throat threatened to close up. “Is that why…”

“I kissed you? Yes. People have a strange tendency to go after what they find the most important whenever they’re put under high stress situations. You were, maybe still are, infatuated with me. But you’re in love with him.”

“It feels really weird hearing it said out loud like that.”

“Perhaps. But I wasn’t about to let you self destruct because you had no idea what to do with your feelings rather than take them out on other people. Now, will you tell me what happened to cause that fiasco?”

Her arms loosened their grip on her waist, and she stood up, offering a hand. For a moment, she wasn’t Satsuki Kiryuin, a literal force of nature, conqueror of the earth, matricidal childhood love, but Satsuki-chan, her best friend.

“It’s a long story.”

“I have time.”

Her hand closed around Satsuki’s, and she pulled her up, a dull twang echoing in her chest as she looked up into her face, still a whole foot away. Up from above, like some sort of all powerful angel, she graced her with one of her rare smiles.

“Remember when we were kids? Stay the night. Let’s have a sleepover.”

“A sleepover?”

“We can literally talk about boys.”

“I don’t know how much there is to say, or how much I’m comfortable talking about it.”

“Is that a yes?”

Nonon shrugged. “Sure.”

“I’ll call ahead and tell Soroi to make us dinner.”

“And tea?”

“I think the mood is right for something a bit stronger. Excuse me.”

As she walked away to make a call, her fingers pressed to the lips she’d kissed only moments before.Incredible. Not even in her wildest dreams had she ever thought that the third person she’d ever kiss would be her, of all people. Good things came in threes, apparently.

Nonon’s orgasm broke the silence of the room, thighs clutching at Uzu’s head. As the sound faded away from the corners of the room where it echoed, Uzu’s hands again found her waist and pulled her off of his face.

“When did you learn to do that?” Was the first thing she was able to manage to gasp out. “Where where you hiding that?”

“I dunno. You’ve never sucked dick before today, right? And you did a perfectly good job at it.”

“Yeah, but one thing is just watching your teeth and keeping even pressure and another to eat pussy like that. What, did you pretend I was the last piece of konnyaku on earth?”

“A true gentleman never reveals his secrets.”

“Like you’re a real gentleman.”

He laughed. It was a full body laugh, one where he threw his head back and brayed like a donkey, shoulders shaking. If she didn’t know any better, she’d have called it cute.

“I think an ass would be a better fit for you than a monkey.”

“Really? I think snake fits your perfectly.”

“Fuck you, monkey.”

“Ideally.”

She snorted derisively. “Just because you got me off once doesn’t mean your stamina improved at all. I’m not going through a repeat of last time.”

“That was a month ago!”

“I’m not sure I’m willing to risk it.”

His lower lip stuck out in protest, and he would have resembled a giant petulant baby if it weren’t for the erection in his jeans.

“Let’s try something different, then.”

Putting on hand on his chest, she threw a leg over his waist, and then another. He looked up at her, confused, until she straddled his hips. Sans underwear and still wet, he eyed her suspiciously as she sat on his lap.

“You’ll ruin my pants.”

“You do wanna get off, right?”

“This is so fucking juvenile.”

“Don’t care. Start moving.”

He rolled his eyes (at least she thought, she couldn’t be sure underneath the blindfold and stitches, but the expression said as much) and gave an experimental roll of his hips. The familiar rush of warmth ran up her abdomen, and they both sighed. Then she rocked against him, and they began moving in earnest.

Maybe it was the simple fact that he was trying so hard to please her, bucking his hips up so he could hit that sweet spot that made her cry out, but he looked adorable. Adorable, or as close as you could get when you were fully clothed and frotting against the girl who he'd just finished eating out. Almost like a puppy, but more muscled.

Holy shit, *she thought.* I'm basically fucking the human incarnation of a golden retriever.

(Well, not yet)

Her second orgasm of the evening was staggered out, with her shaking and making the front of his jeans noticeably damper. Uzu made sure to make fun of her between thrusts.

"And you're the one.. complaining about… my stamina?"

"I'm still hypersensitive, you utter cockmunch."

"Ha… ha ha." His hips stilled, and he put his hands around her waist to move her off of the front of his pants again. It was starting to sink in how small she was compared to him, and she couldn't help but pout.

"You haven't come yet."

"No shit, sherlock. I'm gonna hold back for a bit."

"Why?"

He looked her dead in the eye, and with as much conviction as he could muster with what must have been an impressive case of blue balls, said the stupidest thing she'd ever heard him say.

"The next time I come, it'll be balls deep in you."

There was a lag between her actually hearing the words and her actually processing them, and the shrillest noise she had ever made screeched out from between clenched teeth before she threw her head back and laughed in earnest. To his credit, Uzu didn't flinch or bother stopping her, just let her shake from pure mirth until she stopped cackling hysterically.

"I didn't know you could guffaw."

"I do not 'guffaw', I just can't believe how fucking embarrassing you are."

"I'm serious."

"Hope you like waiting." She paused. "Alright. If you can get me off a third time, we'll try it again."

"Sex?"

"Penetrative sex. We've been having sex, I'm just not letting you put it in."

“Fair enough. You did say one more time, huh?”

“Third time’s the charm.”

He chuckled. “I’d try again with my mouth, but I’m gonna need to let it rest for a bit. Let’s try something else.”

As she shifted her hips, he crawled over to her, on his hands and knees, to lean over her. His breathing tickled her forehead as she spread her knees for him, and his hair fell over to frame his face. She liked this view. Balanced precariously over her, she held her breath as he reached under her skirt and fumbled around. A warm hand slid up her thighs, and she resisted the urge to swallow.

“Going in blind, huh?”

“Won’t be the only time tonight.” She swore she saw him try to wink before his fingers brushed against her labia and she shivered.

“Your hands are clean, right?”

“Yeah. I made sure to wash them when you invited me down here.”

“Good. I don’t want anything in there yo- ahh.”

A first finger slid in, and she clenched around it.

“Don’t even try to stimulate me a bit first?”

“You’ve just had two orgasms. You’re practically dripping at this point. Don’t wanna send you over too quickly.”

“Stop being such a fucking liar. You’re trying to pass yourself off as some tease when you probably can’t find my clit.”

“Hmm? I’d read that book. Imagine it: Uzu Sanageyama’s quest for the clitoris.”

“It’d last longer than you, and it’d probably be thicker.”

Her remark got the reaction she intended- a quick swipe of his thumb against her. Everything softened at the edges, and he curled the finger inside her at the same time, driving a quiet moan from her.

“What was that again?”

“LONGER AND THICK-”

Unfortunately for her, her voice cut off when she felt another finger. There was only so much longer she could keep her composure, so she tried to give Uzu a death glare. This was much harder to do when she could feel him moving in deeper, her toes curling more and more as his knuckles slid in.

“Are you ready?”

“Do your worst.”

He spread his fingers and she shuddered.

The haze that came with being fingered was something else. Faintly, she could hear herself moaning, but between squinted eyes she was paying attention to him instead. Her body demanded attention, and he lavished it upon her, until the sweat pooling at her back and the shaking of her knees told her what was about to happen. A scream grew in her throat.

Not that she’d give him the satisfaction. Shakily, she raised her arm up to her face so she could bite her palm. It was the third time this evening, and she wasn’t sure how much more she could take.

“How was that, then, huh?”

Until the shaking passed, she remained silent and still, the aftershocks still fading away into her body.

“Do you have a condom?”

Uzu froze like a deer in the headlights before recovering and jabbing his chin to his right. “Top drawer, your left.”

Suddenly incredibly grateful for her sex ed classes, she reached over into the bedside dresser, where she fumbled around a bit for one of the foil wrapped packages she knew he’d kept in his drawers ever since they’d had this arrangement. “Open up, big boy.”

He paused and eyed her suspiciously, halfway done unbuckling his pants. “I don’t need this from you.”

“It’s probably the only time tonight you’ll hear it. I’m not one for dirty talk and frankly, you suck at it.”

Terrified he might fuck up, she kept a close eye on the whole process. It went more smoothly than she could have hoped for, and he hovered above her, harder than the walls behind her and more nervous than a student caught skipping class by Ira.

“So do I just… put it in-”

“Get down here and fuck me before I change my mind, holy shit.”

He obliged.

“Oh.”

This was a lot different than his fingers, and he might not have been blessed with the biggest member on the block, but he was substantially thicker than she’d given him credit for.

“Damn, you’re really fucking wet.”

“At least that means you did something right. Start moving.”

“We’re still mostly dressed, though.”

“Who CARES? Who even runs their mouth this much during sex?”

“I care.”

There were hands at her collar, working at the tiny buttons keeping them closed.

“Be careful. I like this dress.”

“It’s stuck-”

“Seriously, I-”

The buttons all the way down the front of her dress popped off, and there was the distinct sound of cloth tearing. If it weren’t for the face of sheer panic on his face (and the fact that he was, indeed, balls deep in her), she would have kicked him again.

“Now what the fuck am I gonna wear?”

“You can borrow a shirt! Let’s get on with this already.”

Warm hands reached into the remains of her top, and then worked their way under her bra. It might have been ridiculous to be embarrassed at this point by having her breasts touched by him, but she still reddened.

“Apparently, I’m not the only one lacking.”

“Shut th-”

“I’m kidding. I like them a lot. Are they sensitive?”

“What?”

A breeze brushed her breasts, and she found herself bare. Uzu detangled the lacy number from her arms and gleefully shoved his face into them.

Nonon’s eyes almost rolled out of her skull.

"Very mature."

"Just you wait." Suddenly she felt something warm and wet on her nipple.

"Ah!"

"They are!" He thrust into her again, and set to work lavishing his attention on her tits.

Uzu's tongue was more dexterous than she had realized, although she should have been able to guess from the way he'd worked magic while she was sitting on his face. There was something to be said for his talent, prodding at sensitive spots with his fingers, finding the sweet spot between her ear and neck to kiss, all while doggedly pumping into her.

It was hot. She didn't realize how hot she was until the arms she'd thrown around his neck stuck to him, sweaty skin sticking to sweaty skin. The air against her face was hot, as he panted, having run out of breath to kiss her any longer. Even his hands shook- one at her waist holding her against the sheets, squeezing to the tempo of increasingly erratic thrusts, the other propping him up, gripping the headboard behind her tightly.

"I'm-"

With every rocking movement against her, she got hotter, until she felt she like was on fire, clutching at his face like she could drive him in deeper that way.

“I’m-”

She could literally feel him pulsing inside of her as he hissed in her ear, a long, drawn out “Fuuuuuuuck,” *that sent a shiver down her spine. Shaking, he took ahold of both of her hips and slammed into her again. And again. And again.*

Maybe the rule of threes still applied in the sack, because it sent her over for what had to be the final time of the night, screaming incoherently. Any and all composure she’d held onto throughout the entire evening was completely gone, in lieu for thighs tight around his waist and arms suffocating him as she pulled him close. It was a good few minutes before either of them were capable of doing anything but panting for air. Even when he finally pulled out, the only thing he did besides keep panting was reach for the front of his shirt. Grabbing ahold of the sweat soaked button up, she could visibly see him contemplating taking it off normally before he just held on and pulled away, buttons popping off as he shrugged off the tattered remains of what once was a perfectly good shirt. His pants and boxers followed suit, and he collapsed next to her, as naked as the time Matoi destroyed his Blade Regalia.

“Aren’t you going to get out of that?”

There was hesitation in the way she pulled the remains of her dress off. Nobody had ever seen her fully naked before, especially not like this. As she dropped the tattered dress over the side of the bed, she briefly wondered where her underwear had gone, but she was too tired to think about it. Crawling under the sheets where Uzu had already started to snore, she too, fell into an exhausted sleep.

“I don’t fucking want to talk to you.”

His older brother sighed. This looked like a painful task, considering the size of the bandages around his nose. “Too bad. We need to have this conversation.”

“What is there to say? You banged the girl I was shagging. I’m not really even comfortable sharing towels, much less partners.”

“I had no idea, okay? I wouldn’t do that to you on purpose.”

“Whatever. It’s like, yeah, I get it. You’ve got a bigger cock and more experience, of course she’d fuck you.”

“Maybe so, but-”

“You don’t even *try* to deny it?”

“Look. I never meant for this to happen. I just wanted to visit my little brother and see how much he’d grown as a person. In all honesty, I didn’t expect you to have a sex life to ruin.”

“Thanks a lot, asshole.”

Ever since Uzu’s brother had come into the room, he’d been pointedly trying to ignore him unless absolutely necessary. The room itself was a complete disaster of sports equipment, dirty laundry and used tissues, not all necessarily coagulated with tears and snot. He gingerly sat on the edge of his bed, trying not to touch him where he laid sprawled over a heap of moldy junk food and protein bar wrappers.

“She’s a beautiful girl-”

“You’d know.”

“Can’t we be mature about this?”

“What part of “you went ahead and screwed the girl I may or may not have feelings for and I’m still cut up about it” do you not understand? I don’t want to talk about it.”

The older man sighed. “She cares about you a lot, you know.”

“Really? Are you sure? The part where she knowingly slept with my fucking brother doesn’t scream love to me.”

“She regretted it right after.”

“Stop bullshitting me.”

“I heard her crying. I mean, afterwards.”

“Maybe you’re just a shitty lay.”

“... I really doubt that was why she was crying.”

“*FINE*. I get it! You made her pussy into a waterfall, I get it. I’m terrible in bed and *OBVIOUSLY*, all my partners are going to leave me for my bigger, better, more well endowed brother. Is that what you mean?”

“Stop overreacting, jeez. I’m sure you’re… fine in bed.”

“God, I just… He’s better in the sack than you’d think he is, looking at him. I mean, he’s not packing anything impressive down there, but *god*, does he make up for it.”

“Uh-huh.”

The alcohol was definitely starting to kick in. Due to her resembling a middle schooler, height-wise, it hadn’t taken much, either. Satsuki took another tiny sip from her wine glass and nodded. It wouldn’t be much longer before she started slurring.

After their disastrous attempt at talking about their feelings over tea, she’d decided Jakuzure would need something a bit stronger this time to properly loosen her tongue. Naturally, she’d invited her over to her personal suite, asked Soroi to bring her the nicest vintage they owned, and leave them alone for a few hours. Even though she knew there’d be no way Nonon had a decent alcohol tolerance, she still hadn’t expected it to be so easy to get her talking. Apparently, she’d been desperate to tell someone, and everything she’d been holding back came pouring out.

“... Like, he makes me fucking gush. I can’t do that. It’s incredible. The second time we had sex, he made me come, like, what, four times?”

Literally *everything* came pouring out. An increasingly intoxicated Jakuzure knew not the meaning of “too much information”, apparently. Despite her own impressive tolerance for both alcohol and extremely awkward sexual situations, she briefly considered running into the liquor cabinet, finding the highest proof liquor and drinking straight from the bottle. Especially when she didn’t stop talking.

“Like, when I say gushing, I meant he had me dripping in a way even you couldn’t get me.”

Uh.

“God, I’m sorry, it’s just that- I was soooo into you for the longest time.”

“I was well aware. It wasn’t a very well kept secret.”

“I was so in love with you! It was kinda funny that I thought you were totally clueless, but I guess you know everything! That’s our Satsuki!”

“Again, I’m sorry for kissing you before.”

“It’s okay! Like, at first, I thought I was dreaming, because I’d thought about you doing that to me so many times… you were usually a lot more naked, though.”

Nonon was a very bubbly drunk, and she beamed at her, completely oblivious to how much she was embarrassing the both of them. Stifling the urge to blush, she cleared her throat instead. “Do you have feelings for him?”

“Him? Who? Uzu?” The smile slid off her face like water rolling down a wall. “Right. Him.”

“Why did you go after his brother, anyway?”

“His brother was cute. Tall. Really nice, really experienced.” She paused momentarily. “Had a massive cock-”

“We’re talking about Uzu Sanageyama here, not his or his brother’s endowments. I asked you out so we could talk about the fiasco that occurred three days ago.”

Her eyes narrowed on the draining glass of wine in Jakuzure’s hand, the third of the night. As it emptied, she leaned over the table and pulled the bottle out of her reach, just to be safe. Even she wasn’t sure how much more information about the Sanageyama brothers she was willing to listen to.

“I thought that whatever it was I thought I felt could be fixed if I had a good roll in the hay with someone else, y’know? And then that suave-ass motherfucker shows up, in a goddamn suit and tie, and asks me out. It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

She tried to take another sip of her wine, and frowned to find nothing left. “Can I-”

“No more alcohol for you. Tell me, do you really like him?”

“You really like her, don’t you?”

Even with the upturn of his voice at the end of his sentence, it wasn’t a question. It lingered in the stale air for a few moments, before Uzu dragged the arm he’d had draped over his face down across his arm and groaned loudly.

“Yes? Maybe?”

“Have you kissed her?”

“Not out of bed, no. In fact, the first time I did, I was, like, c-”

His brother grimaced. “Not necessary.”

“She was really mad at first. But then the next time we, uh, were together, she kissed me first. After that point, we kissed a lot, I guess. But only when we were having sex.”

“Sounds normal enough, I guess. But if you like her, maybe you should talk to her?”

“Dude, you show up after we haven’t talked in years, fuck my kinda-sorta girl, and then wanna give me life advice?”

“At the very least, life advice for someone who can get laid more easily than you can.”

Uzu snorted. “Fair enough. But I’m still not sure how I feel about this whole thing. Like, even if I do have feelings for her, you’ve been there, done that.”

“So what? You’re not a little kid anymore.”

“There’s a difference between not wanting your rice and fish to touch, and knowing she’s had your brother.”

“Don’t be so immature.”

“Alright, even if I ignore that, I-”

“She broke your heart?”

There was a long pause before he sat up quickly, nearly scaring his brother off his bed. “I’ve got it.”

“What?”

“I know what I’m going to do.”

Satsuki was never giving Nonon alcohol ever again.

The smaller girl was gleefully rolling around on the silk sheets of her bed, the massive size of which could only be called “empress”. She probably didn’t have too long before sleep overtook her, but if she was trying to embarrass herself in her remaining hours of consciousness, she was doing an excellent job.

“I thought I was gay before I started fucking him! And like, I only did it because I was bored of just touching myself. I was *sooooooo gaaaaaaay*, Satsuki. I was so gay for you, oh my god. I just wanted to, like, shove my face between your-”

Luckily for the both of them, Nonon buried her face in her waist and kept babbling, her words muted by the shirt she was ruining by drooling on it. Satsuki winced and tried not to think of what saliva would do to fine silk.

“I didn’t expect you to be this much of a lightweight. Or such a sloppy drunk, for that matter.”

“I’m not *thaaaaaaaaaat* drunk.”

“No, you’re pretty far gone.”

“I’m nooooooooooot. But, like, do you get it? Do you get what I mean? I was really, really, really gay for you. Like, mega gay. Like-”

She was just going to pretend this evening had never happened, for the sake of both of their reputations.

“So you like boys as well as girls?”

“Girls are waaay hotter, but Uzu’s pretty hot. His brother’s hot too, but I like Uzu better.”

“Huh.”

Nonon was fucking *snuggling* against her, so she decided to pry her arms off and roll her over onto her side of the bed. “How are you going to make up to Sanageyama?”

“What do boys like? Do I show up in a maid costume? Lingerie? Nothing but an apron? But those sound like something that would happen in a fanservice anime.”

“I don’t think pretending you’re a fanservice character in an anime would be a good idea. For one, you’re not an anime character.”

“I guess so.”

“Why don’t you just talk to him?”

“What do you even tell your fuck buddy? ‘Hey, I might have banged your brother, sorry, but also I’m kinda sorta into youuu?’” She slurred a bit on that last word, and leaned heavily on Satsuki, eyes fluttering shut.

“So you do like him?”

“I like him, even if he ripped my dress. That’s true love.”

“... Do I want to know how-”

Nonon bolted upright. “That’s it! I’ve got it!”

“What?”

She wavered unsteadily, before letting herself fall back against the sheets. “Night. Thanks for inviting me over. Remind me to visit Iori in the morning.”

“Got what? Iori? Nonon? *Nonon*?”

But it was too late. Nonon had already collapsed into a small pile of limbs, curled up on herself. She couldn't bring herself to wake her up, so instead, she carefully slid off the mattress, taking care not to disturb her.

There was a knock on her door, and Soroi peered in. "All clear, Mistress?"

"Don't ever let me serve alcohol to Jakuzure ever again."

"... I didn't think it was my place to question your judgement, but I'll take care to remind you not to if there's ever another time." He lifted the tray he was carrying a bit higher. "I take it Miss Jakuzure is indisposed?"

"She's asleep. It's alright. I'll have your tea. But first, let me do something."

She walked back to where Nonon slept, and pulled a comforter loose from underneath her. Besides a small groan, she didn't react. Satsuki took extra care to wrap the warm blankets around her, and watched with something resembling tenderness as her sleeping form instinctively pulled them closer.

"Mistress?"

"I'm coming, Soroi. Prepare the guest room for me."

"As you wish."

Satsuki took care to turn off the lights before she closed the door behind her.

It took her a good two hours of searching to find the fated dress, but found it she did, buried under dust bunnies and sweet wrappers underneath her bed.

At least she wasn't nursing a hangover, she thought, although the exact events of the previous night remained hazy. Either way, she was sure nothing too serious had happened, or else she was sure Satsuki would have told her. Peering into the club room, she glanced around and found nobody.

"Iori? Are you there?"

There was a creaking noise, and then the spin of wheels as the petite blond boy spun around the corner to meet her, headphones still firmly placed on his head. The moment he recognized her, his face dropped visibly, and he tugged the huge, bulky things off his head and onto his keyboard, his scowl seeming more pronounced than usual. "Jakuzure. It's nice to see you."

It was immediately obvious to her she was the last person he wanted to see. "Er, my dress got kind of messed up… I was seeing if you could fix it-"

Iori kicked off of a desk and rolled towards her with the precision of someone who didn't have much to do and had gotten good at messing around with wheeled chairs.He snatched the dress out of her hands, flipped it over, and with an eye she was certain was less than professional, flipped it inside out, balled it up, and tossed it into the nearest trash can.

"What is your *damage*? What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing at all. Why do you ask?" His voice was drier than a desert after a sandstorm, and she flinched at the thinly veiled venom in his tone.

"First of all, what the fuck is with your attitude?"

Iori sighed deeply and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "I assume you know of my relation with Inumuta?"

"Hu- oh."

Oops.

"Yes, 'oh'. You broke my boyfriend's jaw. I'm obviously not going to be very pleased about it."

"I'm… so sorry…"

"And I apologize for throwing out your dress, but it was complete and utter trash. And I am pretty pissed off, I'm not going to lie."

"First of all, you sewed that dress less than a year ago. Second of all, what? I'm sorry you can't kiss your boyfriend, but-"

"It's very last season. And you've disrupted parts of my… personal life."

"That dress is important to me! And what the fuck does personal even mean?"

"My personal life. My romantic, personal life. My love life."

"I- *oh. EW*."

He pushed his glasses up his nose far enough to catch the light. "Forgive my bluntness."

"Shiro, I've known you since kindergarden. I didn't need to hear about you getting blowjo-"

"Is it really any worse than knowing you've been fucking Sanageyama in the abandoned bathroom on the third floor?"

"He fUCKING TOLD YOU-"

"Oh my god, it really is true. I thought he was kidding…"

"GaaaaaaAAAAHHHHHHH."

It took her a few minutes to regain her composure, the majority of which Shiro spent staring at her nearly hyperventilating before she managed to speak again. “How many people know?”

“You two, obviously, Houka, Satsuki, and I. Really, Gamagoori is the only one who has no idea at this point.”

“Shit.”

Iori let out a short, humorless laugh. “Do you really want this dress tailored? If you insist, I’d be willing to fix it. It’s my duty as your friend- irritated as I may be- and as the best tailor within this entire school- to fix your uglyass dress. And if it’ll help you with your boyfriend troubles-”

“Shut up. It has sentimental value. And he is not my boyfriend.”

“Yet. And really? Sentimental value? What, did you lose your virginity in this thing?”

She fidgeted, and the rare smirk on his face spread into a huge grin. “Alright, I’ll stop teasing you and do it.”

“He’s rubbing off on you. You used to be a lot nicer, even if you were kind of a stick in the mud..”

“Just be glad he still has use of his hands. He might be rubbing off on me, but he can also rub-”

“STOP.”

“At least he’ll be able to when he comes off his pain meds. He hasn’t been lucid in days.” His face fell immediately. “Really, Jakuzure, you need to short this whole thing out. For one, breaking someone’s face open with a sword is *not* appropriate behavior for anyone, much less someone of your status. Two, you just really need to talk it out with him. Both for your sakes, and for the safety of people’s cranial bones.”

“Bones are safe around me. I’m done breaking things.”

“You might have stopped breaking them, but that doesn’t mean you won’t jump on them.”

“How about you go fuck yourself?”

Her hat couldn’t cover the burning blush covering her entire face as she left, Iori still chuckling behind her as the door swung closed. “I’ll have it done in two hours! Drop by then!”

“EAT MY *ENTIRE* ASS, SHIRO IORI.”

The chuckles turned to full out laughter, and she stormed out, face still more flushed than she’d like to admit to.

Everything hurt a lot, and everything was very, very blurry.

He blindly groped the air where his desk would usually be. Despite his fumbling, his fingers hit cold glass, and he managed to put on his glasses. The lenses were dirtied with fingerprints, a good sign that he was not, as he'd figured, in his own bed. Nobody else managed his glasses besides him unless something was wrong. The only logical explanation was that he was in some sort of medical wing, which meant that there must be someone taking care of him after he had been incapacitated some way. Right.

Nurse-

Houka tried to yell, and it was then he realized his jaw was wired shut.

Oh, that's right.

The last thing he'd remembered getting was a bamboo sword to the face, and a very, very, very angry Nonon Jakuzure. Anger flared up, deep inside his stomach, before a thought occurred to him, and he smiled instead.

"Nurse?"

A former two-star club president peeked out from behind a partition, and he recognized her as the captain of the medical club.

"Yes?"

"Can you bring me my laptop?"

There was a knock at her door, and this time, it was someone she'd expected.

"We need to talk."
"We need to talk."

They both paused, and tried again.

"I have something to tell you-"
"I'm sorry about-"

Nonon smoothed out the front of her recently tailored dress and took a deep breath. "Come on in. We have a lot to say to each other."

“And a lot to talk about.”

“Yeah.”

A few buildings away, Houka hit the post button.

Chapter End Notes

> This chapter is almost as long as the first four chapters combined, but was ironically written in the shortest amount of time. Hopefully, it should explain a few things and set the stage for the final two chapters! I'm satsukichan on tumblr!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Reconciliation comes with words that, once spoken aloud, can never be taken back.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was hard to look at him directly, so she didn't. He stepped inside, clearly uncomfortable, as she closed the door behind him. The muted click seemed to echo in the bedroom, despite it being relatively small, at least in comparison to what they'd been used to at the original academy.

But Honnouji's ashes were one thing, and the remains of their relationship was another. She had to focus on the task at hand. In the stillness of her room, the cough of her clearing her throat sounded like a scream.

"I'm sorry."

A simple statement, for sure, but one that carried the weight of several long days of silence between them.

"Can I-" he gestured into the room.

"Yeah."

Carefully, almost gingerly, he walked past the piles of crap she'd upturned while looking for her dress, and sat on her bed as if he were afraid it'd break. She sat next to him, close enough to feel the warmth of his body radiating from him, but just far away enough that they weren't touching. It was another few minutes of the clock ticking away loudly before either of them dared to speak or even move.

How did you even start to have this conversation? The whole, *"hey-I-fucked-your-brother-but-I-really-wanna-fuck-you-and-also-kiss-a-lot-because-I-may-or-may-not-have-some-real-feelings-for-you-and-I'd-like-you-to-stop-pouting-please-and-kiss-me-instead-"*

To her right, Uzu let out a long exhale before he finally, finally turned to her. "So."

"So."

"That thing. With my brother. It happened."

"Yeah. It did."

“And?”

“I’m really sorry it happened.”

“Anything else?”

“I’m sorry about what I said about it afterwards.”

“I’m sorry too, I guess.”

“We should have talked this over more.”

“Well, I’m sorry for assuming that we weren’t seeing other people.”

“And I’m sorry for assuming you weren’t going to treat me like your girlfriend.”

Her voice had taken a nasty edge.

“I shouldn’t have reacted the way I did. I’m sorry for breaking my brother’s nose because I found out you’d slept with him.”

“Sorry for implying he was better in bed. Oh, and bigger, too.”

“Sorry for thinking I could trust you around my brother.”

This was not going well.

“Sorry I thought we could talk this over like fucking adults.”

“Well, *I’M* so sorry I bothered coming here-”

“Wait-”

Her hand caught his sleeve as he stood to leave and he paused.

“I just-”

“I just *what*.”

Words were getting them nowhere. Before she had time to panic, she did what she’d wanted to do from the start. Her hands found his collar and tugged him down, heavy and muscled through his thin shirt, lips finding his. There was a brief moment where he kissed her back, soft and tender, before his mouth hardened and she felt his hands on her shoulders.

“Is that your solution for everything? Fuck until I forget about everything?” The words were a low growl in her ear, and she felt something twist in her stomach.

“Maybe I don’t want you to leave?”

“And maybe I’m sick of being jerked around? First you stop talking to me because I kissed you, then you give me a handjob during a conversation with other people, and kiss me, and

then you fuck my brother and expect me to get over it? I'm confused, for fuck's sake. What the hell do you want from me?"

"I want you."

"Yeah, obviously."

She shook her head desperately. "You don't get it. I'm confused too."

"Yeah, no shit. Maybe we should just stop trying? This isn't working out, and you've obviously proven you can get laid, no problem."

"Will you stop being a fucking tool for five seconds and listen?"

"Why, so you can insult my intelligence again? I get it, I'm not the brightest crayon in the box, but at least I'm fucking trying."

"What do we even have? What is this mess?"

"It was your idea, anyway? *'~oooh, let's fuck and there'll be no emotions attached to it and it'll be fun~~*"

"I don't sound like that!"

"Yeah, you're a lot crankier and bitchier, for one-"

"Shut the fuck up-"

"I'm leaving-"

"WAIT-"

She tugged on his shirt again, but this time when he collapsed onto her, his fingers found her hair and he kissed her open mouthed, fingers digging into her scalp. Any protests she had she breathed into his mouth, even as she tried to work her fingers under his shirt.

Uzu's mouth was rougher than usual, almost as if he were aiming to bruise, not please. She could feel her lips swelling under his, teeth nipping at hers, tongues clashing. It was sloppy, and unlike him- whatever complaints she'd had about his talent in bed, she'd never been able to complain about his kissing. Even as she arched into him, pressing herself against his body, he ignored her hints and pinned her down further. Hands grabbed at her wrists and pulled them over her head, and his mouth moved south, planting harsh, possessive kisses down her jaw and neck.

"Ah-"

One hand pulled free and grabbed a fistful of his shirt. If he noticed, he didn't react, choosing instead to sink his teeth into the meat of her shoulder, with enough pressure to leave indents on her skin, but not enough to break it. She gasped, but he kissed her again, rough, hard, not

unlike his body moving against hers. Lower down, she could feel him growing hard against her leg, but there was no way she was going to touch him until he apologized.

When his mouth first grazed the shell of her ear, she shuddered, and her free hand worked its way under loose end of his shirt, hiking up from leaning forward. Nails clawed into his skin and pulled upwards, and he made a small strangled noise in the back of his throat before his teeth clamped down on her earlobe. Momentarily, she wondered if he was bleeding before he was kissing her jaw, and she didn't care anymore. His mouth found hers again, and they kissed greedily, her lips and tongue desperate for his.

Every time she grew dizzy from going too long without breathing, he'd pull away to suck, long and slow, against the thin skin of her neck. Without a doubt, she was probably completely red and purple from the hickies he was leaving, but she didn't care. Any other day, she'd tell him to stop, that lovebites were tacky and gross, but there was nothing she wanted more than his lips on her throat, as she drew increasingly ragged breaths, nails digging into his back.

At the risk of sounding cheesy, it felt right to hold him like this, thighs squeezing the leg he had between hers, hand in her hair, lips against his. They'd never spent much time kissing, and she regretted that loss between kisses. Even if there were more fun things to do with each others' bodies and mouths, she felt like she could kiss him forever.

He pulled away abruptly. In the silence, the rustling of her bedspread and the tearing of the back of his shirt felt especially loud, and the sudden absence of his body weight against her was disorienting.

"Wait."

It took her a few seconds to catch her breath. "What?"

"I'm just letting you do that thing again. That thing where you think you can kiss me until I forget about everything."

"We didn't usually kiss, you know." Her eyes traced a line down his face, pink from her kisses, to his neck, pale skin pockmarked with growing bruises. "We were usually busy doing other things."

"What kind of bullshit apology is this, anyway? I come over, we make out for like- how long has it been now?"

"Who knows?" *Who cares? Come back down here and kiss me again, for fuck's sake.*

"Maybe I should go…"

Her nails dug into the meat of his arm, and he flinched. "Stay with me."

"This is wrong."

"We can't just fuck our problems away."

“Why not? You never seemed to have a problem with it before.”

He pulled away roughly. The momentum almost pulled her off the bed before his hand caught her thigh, and she looked him in the eye.

“You obviously care, or you wouldn’t be here. Do you not want to be here?”

“It’s not that- I just feel weird.”

“Do you regret our set-up?”

The question lingered uncomfortably in the air as he avoided her gaze. After what seemed like just too long, he sighed heavily.

“No. It’s been a good couple of months.”

“I thought so.”

To her disappointment, he turned his face away when she reached up to kiss him again.

“What are we, Nonon?”

More of that fucking silence again. The only silence she wanted was the kind where their faces were touching and she couldn’t breath because she didn’t want to stop kissing him. In the silence, the proximity of his face was bittersweet, why wasn’t he kissing her-

“Are we just lovers anymore?”

She scoffed. “I don’t know. I don’t know anything, Uzu. Shut up and kiss me already, goddammit.”

“Aren’t you romantic.”

Nonon ignored the implications and grabbed his face.

They continued on like this, her lipstick leaving prints over his face and jaw, earlobes swollen, before he finally pulled away and reached for the buttons covering her chest. For the first time in a while, both of her hands were free, and she grabbed him by the shirt collar and threw her leg over his waist. Their combined momentum rolled them over, and he looked up at her with an expression she could only call sheepish before she leaned forward to kiss him again.

“Wait.”

At this distance, her hair was tickling his face, but to his credit, he didn’t flinch. She wondered if she looked as ragged as him, mouth being to bruise at the corners where they’d smashed their faces together. “What is it?”

“This dress.” He jerked his chin at her chest. “The cloth is really familiar.”

“You were blind the last time I wore this.”

“When- *oh*.”

She shrugged.

“I thought I ruined it?”

“You did. I had to ask Iori for a favor.”

“Sentimentality doesn’t suit you.”

“Bite me. I liked this dress.”

“Liar.”

His lips found her collarbone again, and as his teeth pressed against her skin, she groaned in protest. “I didn’t literally mean bite me.”

“The lady doth protest too much, methinks.”

“Shut up and kiss me again, jeez.”

To her relief, he obliged. But it wasn’t another ten seconds before he pulled away again.

“Wait, you literally had him fix it for you?”

“Didn’t I tell you I did?”

“Why?”

Maybe he sensed the hesitation, or maybe he picked up on the way her skin heated up, but that smirk never led to anything good.

“You’re sentimentaaaaaaaaaaaaaal~”

“I wanted some good luck, okay?”

Nonon pointedly turned her face away as he burst into laughter, face red as the skin below her chin.

“That’s so… cute.”

“Shut up, monkey.”

He tried to kiss her again, but she could feel him laughing against her jaw.

“Dumbass.”

“Sugar pie.”

“Moron.”

“Sweetheart.”

“Jackass.”

“Princess.”

“COCKSUCKER.”

“Rude.” He nipped at her jaw, but she pulled away. “Personally, I prefer to eat pussy.”

“YOU ARE SO GROSS.”

“I’ve yet to hear any complaints from your end.”

She groaned. “I can’t believe you.”

Idly, her fingers curled in his hair as he moved his mouth south, kissing the skin of her chest as he unbuttoned the front of her dress.

“Don’t rip it this time. I’m not fixing it again.”

“Only because it’s a cute dress and I want to see you in it again.”

“Sometimes I wish you were still blind.”

He pressed a kiss to her sternum and laughed, his breath tickling her skin.

“You really are cute.”

“Don’t call me cute, dipshit.”

“Okay, princess.”

Despite her protests at the new pet name, he murmured it into her skin as he peeled the dress down to her waist.

“How dare you call me sentimental,” she mumbled into his hair.

Uzu simply chuckled. His tongue traced the edge of the bra she was wearing, and she shivered instinctively.

“Goosebumps?”

“Can you talk less?”

His tongue flicked over her nipple, already starting to show through the thin lace of her bra. She let out a soft hum into the dark locks she pressed her mouth into. He was warm, and soft, and any quiet moans she made she could stifle in his hair, thick and shiny and tousled from

their impromptu makeout session. With the late afternoon sunlight streaming in lazily through her window, she couldn't help but remember their first kiss.

At least, their first kiss with both of them conscious.

Did he know-

Vaguely, through the haze of stimulation and confused thoughts, she felt him mouth close over her breast and suck, her fingers digging into his scalp in response. There'd be time to deal with whatever she felt for him later, after all was good and done. She couldn't help but moan in appreciation when he managed to detangle her from her bra, and his tongue and fingers worked simultaneously, lips brushing expertly against the tender flesh. He made her feel like a raw nerve in every way, from the way he made her arch against him to the way he smiled when they were alone. Exposed in every way, her breathing deepened as he let his spare hand drag down her stomach. The dress prevented him from trailing further, and he almost lazily drew patterns on the bare skin of her stomach as he traced the curve of her breasts with his tongue.

It only took a tilt of her hips for the dress to slide off, and it wasn't until his fingers were working their way into her underwear that he stopped.

"Are these my old boxers?"

She froze.

One of the perks of sleeping with an idiot like him was that he was never particularly careful what what clothes he did or didn't leave behind, and she'd gotten rather cozy sleeping in his old shirts. His boxers were another thing entirely- comforting in a disgusting way she hadn't planned to let him know about.

"I wear them sometimes. It doesn't mean anything. You just-" She airily gestured towards the rest of the room."Y'know. You forget them. Forgot them? I just-"

From prior experience, she knew that the best way to distract Uzu Sanageyama was to grab his dick, and she'd do anything to get him to stop smirking at her. Her hands were at his waistband when she noticed his eyes widen. She hadn't even managed to unbuckle his jeans before his hands were at her wrists.

"Uh, can we not?"

"Huh?"

"I just remembered something."

A quirked eyebrow met his frustrated groan. "What is it?"

"Can you promise you won't freak out?"

"What does that mean?"

“Just- don’t get mad, okay?”

“Dude, are we going to do this or not?”

Uzu sighed. She rolled her eyes and unbuckled the belt, fingers fumbling for his zipper. He let her pull the jeans off of his hips, only to find-

“Oh my *god*.”

Of all the things she was expecting to find, the panties she’d left with him months ago was not it. The lace and cotton strained over his erection, and with eyes that were half wondrous, half disgusted, she marveled over how the lace strained and dug into hips that were wider than hers, strained into an ass that was more muscular than hers, stretched thin to the point where she was surprised they weren’t tearing off of him as she stared.

“How am I supposed to touch your dick when you’re wearing that? WHY the fuck are you wearing my panties?”

He coughed pointedly.

“*Uzu*.”

“I was out of underwear.”

“Liar.”

If looks could kill, Uzu would be twenty different kinds of dead, but instead he avoided her gaze and mumbled into his own shoulder. “G’luck.”

“Luck????”

“You think you’re the only one who wanted to make up? I didn’t expect the sex, though. Cherry on top.”

They stared at each other. He offered her a weak smile, hoping to crack the icy stare she was giving him. Her eyes trailed down to his lap, where the offending frilly panties struggled to stay in one piece, and she let out a tiny giggle.

“Heh.”

Under his stare, the giggle grew to a rolling laugh, until she was shaking from the force of her own mirth. Uzu stared at her, visibly alarmed.

“Are you okay-”

She held out a hand, grabbing his arm as she shook, tears forming at the edge of her eyes as she struggled to get enough air in her lungs. Failing that, she nodded vigorously.

It took her a good five minutes to fully cease laughing, the majority of which she spent leaning on Uzu, who stared at her with increasing exasperation.

“I can’t believe we’re wearing each other’s underwear.”

“Can we swit-”

“Nope.”

“Why?”

“Because. This is really cute.”

“Okay, so I can’t call you cute, but you think this is cute?” He gestured vaguely at his lap, still at full mast.

“Maybe my standards are changing. You’re a bad influence on me.”

He huffed, but reciprocated when she kissed him, her hand lightly skimming down his stomach, fingers trailing along the lace of the offending lingerie, tracing out to where he was hard as a rock, physical arousal threatening the thin panties’ wellbeing. The heel of her palm ground against him, and he thrust into her hand. Lightly, almost teasingly, she kissed his bare chest, tongue barely flicking past a pert nipple, and stroked him, feather soft, until he was almost humping her hand. The shrill whine he let go in the back of her throat told him what he really wanted, but she kept her slow pace until he was almost begging under his breath, whispering her name like a prayer.

What was left of her lipstick left prints down his chest as she kissed a trail down to his lap, planting a smooch right over his head.

Despite the flushed state he was in, he looked down at her, eyes glazed over, and shook his head feverishly.

“You don’t have to-”

Nonon closed her mouth over his head through the thin fabric and sucked. The groan she got in response was accompanied by the warmth of his hand on her head. The feeling of his fingers curling in her hair would usually annoy her, but there was a certain comfort to be found in this, she thought, as she pulled him out. There was no way she’d be able to get rid of the underwear without tearing it off of his hips, and this look suited him more than she’d ever admit to out loud. Either way, they were a scene to behold.

He let out a low hiss when she lowered her mouth onto him and she noticed his hips stiffen as he fought the natural urge to buck into her face. She kept her eyes on him as she pulled back, lips circling the head of his cock. One hand curled around his base and then, without warning, squeezed. Her reward was a garbled gasp, somewhere between and oath and a plea, and a hand yanking at her hair as if they were reigns.

His groan came with the tug of her roots threatening to part ways with her scalp. It was nothing she hadn’t had before, or worse. Ignoring the pain, she slid down, spare hand sneaking under her own skirt. This whole scenario had gotten her more bothered than she’d realized. Her fingers brushed past the familiar softness of his tri-blend cotton boxers, stolen

(borrowed? kept from previous trysts. There was a comfort to the softness, like the velvety skin of his cock, that made her feel safe. As her fingers slid in, she hummed contently, and his responding moan came with the tightening of his grip.

She came first, boxers damp and fingers sticky, and the breathless gasps of the boy above her told her that he wasn't far off either. Good thing too, because her jaw was starting to lock. In her mouth, the bitter taste of precum at the back of her throat had her wincing.

"Fuck, I'm- hold up-"

Uzu pulled out of her mouth for an instant, and she opened her eyes enough to watch him twitch once, twice, before spilling onto her face.

"FuCK."

It was everywhere. She felt him drip into her mouth and gagged from the taste, An unfamiliar stinging sensation accompanied the sticky warmth. Vaguely, she could sense Uzu's nervous panic above her when she slapped the heel of her palm against the burning eye.

"FUCK."

"Are you okay?"

"You came on my *fuCKING FACE*, asshole!"

"I'M SORRY!"

Tears sprung unheeded to her eyes, and she groaned as she tried to wipe them away before he noticed. But suddenly, he was there and he kissed her cheek where she hadn't covered it with her hand. If he'd noticed the white stickiness he'd gotten on his mouth, he didn't care, because a gentle hand tugged at her wrist, and then he kissed her eye, stinging and red.

"Dumbass."

The words were tinged with a tenderness that had become common enough between them that neither of them noticed. In any case, he ignored her. He kissed her cheek again, planted soft, sweet, butterfly kisses down the tear tracks she'd inadvertently left behind, and kissed her fully on the mouth, tongue pressing lightly against hers as he managed to pry her lips open with his. Suddenly, he recoiled, and a smirk came to her face as his fingers pressed to his mouth.

"Told you it was bitter."

"Gross." He rubbed at his mouth with the back of his hand ruefully. "Maybe I really should eat more vegetables."

"Or, y'know, you could always not kiss me right after you come in my mouth, even if your aim was pretty bad."

"What kind of asshole would I be if I weren't willing to kiss you after that?"

“Well, look at that. You’re a gentleman after all.”

He muttered a protest that he seemed more than willing to cut off when she kissed him again. And again. They collapsed back onto their sides, unable, or perhaps, unwilling to let go of each other.

“You’re cute.”

This time, she didn’t protest at all, and simply guided his hand down into the boxers that had once been his, still wet.

Come to think of it, he’d spent a lot of time between Nonon Jakuzure’s legs lately. The brief detour in his thinking came with him pulling his head away, but a needy whine from aforementioned girl and a tug on his hair (none too gentle, she was, and greedy to boot), and he grinned.

“I’m coming, princess.”

“Fuck that. I’d better be coming.” Her words were too breathless to carry much of a bite, and his scalp was starting to hurt, so he set his face between her thighs again and went back to work.

It wasn’t like he’d been kidding earlier- he liked eating her out. Time where she wasn’t incessantly insulting him was rare and the easiest way to get her to stop comparing him to some sort of ape was when she was incapable of talking. Plus, it was really hot to feel her squirming, thighs pressing into his head, forcing him in deeper- it’d be ideal if it weren’t for his jaw.

His tongue delved deep between her lips, and she arched her back when his nose nudged up, hips pushing into his face. From experience, he knew she was too sensitive to touch her directly, especially after he’d fingered her, but his thumb traced circles around clit, just far away enough that she didn’t come immediately. The shaking of her body, small against the huge hands holding her legs up, told him he was doing a good job. From the tautness of the sheets he was kneeling on, he knew she must be grabbing them like a lifeline with the hand she didn’t have curled in his hair, dark against the creamy pale skin of her thighs.

The repeated thrusts against his mouth told him what he already knew- she was desperate for something thicker, as she fucked herself on his tongue, and he could hear the gasp, half borderline climatic, half of sheer gratitude, when he curled his fingers up inside her against the spot he knew made her scream. And scream she did, although she muffled it as she always did, biting into her forearm as she tugged desperately on his hair, refusing to let him hear her scream what he figured was his name. She contracted around his tongue, and he counted her heartbeats as the blood rushed under her skin, her orgasm his reward for his work. Experience told him he could probably coax another one out, and he waited for her

breathing to still before heading back down, avoiding her clit until she was practically ripping his hair out again.

His jaw was on fire by the time she pushed him away, and he'd heard some very interesting things she'd like to be penetrated by when he sat back up between her knees, where she lay flat on her back, sweating and incapable of any sort of speech for the moment.

"You've got a filthy mouth, princess."

"Sh-shut th-the fuck up."

Apparently, she still had to get her wind back, and with it, her patented snark.

"You'd like me to fuck your cunt, now?"

"Shut up."

"You talked a lot about cunts while I was talking into yours."

"Fuck off."

"You want to ride my face like-"

"I got it. Jeez. If you're gonna make fun of me, why not actually fuck me? I can probably go another round-"

"Classy. And it's a tempting offer, but Sanageyama junior isn't ready yet."

"... did you seriously just refer to your cock as Sanageyama junior?"

"Don't make fun of me when you talked about a *lot* of interesting places you'd like me to put it."

"Go fuck yourself whenever you can. I'm going to take a little... nap."

She rolled over, and was out like a light.

"Good job, Sanageyama."

Uzu's voice sounded especially stupid in the relative silence, and he sighed. He was sticky from the events of the afternoon. It was probably best to clean up, especially if she was going to keep her end of the bargain.

She woke up alone.

Something burned in the back of her throat, hitched in her chest. She'd woken up plenty of times to find him looking for his clothes, or checking his hair in the mirror, but she'd never woken up to find out he'd left entirely, and he'd always been sure to tell her he was leaving before he did. As much of a cliche as it was in the movies, it stung a lot more with the residual warmth of his body heating the sheets, his indent in her mattress.

Wait.

Her sheets were still warm and smelled vaguely of him, of sweat and the icy burn of mens deodorant. He couldn't have gone far.

Even if he had left, there was no way she was chasing after him when she had the remnants of their roll in the hay all over her. She rubbed her neck, and the faint outline of teeth marks reminded her of how many hickies she probably had. She'd be stuck wearing turtlenecks and scarves for a few days, at least. If she was going to find him, she'd have to at least shower first, before they could really talk, and there was a lot to talk about. Preferably in public, where they couldn't start ripping each other's clothes off.

She laughed, a short bark that broke the silence of the empty room, before she reached for the thick white robe she kept hung on her coat hanger. The muted padding of her bare feet against the carpet echoed in the stillness, and she reached for the handle of her bathroom door-

-and the fragrant scent of her favorite body wash hit her like a punch to the gut.

As she turned the handle, the humidity hit her too, and curiosity took hold. The warm air stuck to her skin, and she peeked inside.

Nonon was not sure what she had expected to find, but it wasn't this.

Looking very much like a lost puppy, Uzu sat sheepishly in her bathtub, overflowing with pink bubbles. The water had plastered his hair to his head, and he looked very much like a mop of seaweed drowning in a punchbowl. The tub was huge, large enough that she could easily have mistaken if for a jacuzzi had she not known what it was, but he was so tall that it seemed smaller, somehow. Either way, she couldn't help but notice the way his skin glistened from the water. He peeked up, saw her expression, and went back to staring at his knees.

Before they could even make eye contact again, she reached into the bathtub to scoop up the bubbles. She bent her head to her hand, and took a whiff before looking at him dead in the eye, eyebrow cocked and a smirk tugging at the edge of her lips.

"Really? Tutti frutti?"

"I- er- I needed to wash off-"

"And so do I."

"Um, I was here first?"

"It's my bathtub?"

This was probably not the weirdest conversation she'd had with someone while they were both naked, but it was definitely getting there. He grumbled and placed a hand on the edge, and as the water slid off, a second, better idea came to mind.

Before he'd lifted his hips out of the bubbles, she placed a hand on his chest.

"Stay."

Confusion bloomed on his face, and it wasn't until she let her robe slide off her shoulders that realization set in, and his face reddened slightly.

Even after all the time they'd spent in each others' company, in various stages of undress, she was still shy about baring it all. And apparently, so was he.

This makes sense, though, she thought to herself. *It's definitely the most intimate thing I've ever done.*

The water was hot, almost steaming, and she liked it. It broke way underneath her, and she carefully lowered herself into it, the heat seeping into her like an embrace. Behind her, Uzu's arms curled around her waist and pulled her into an actual hug, his chin resting on her shoulder she she settled herself against him. He felt solid against her, and was definitely more comfortable than the porcelain of the tub, almost cold now that she'd settled into the water. Like a kiss, she could feel the soreness of her body fade away, her stress dissipating as her muscles unlocked. She hummed.

For a few minutes, the only sound in the room was the water lapping against the sides of the tub as they lay there. The water cooled around them , and Nonon finally broke the silence by reaching for her body wash. Behind her, Uzu sighed.

"Aren't you supposed to shower before you get in the bathtub?"

"Well, you kind of interrupted that." She gestured to the shower head above them. "If you want, you can turn it on."

If her ears weren't deceiving her, she could have sworn she heard something along the lines of "killing the mood", but he obliged. The hot water poured down on them both, plastering her hair to her scalp. Through squinted eyes, she looked up at uzu, still chest deep in the murky water, and grinned.

"I didn't peg you for the kind of guy that'd like bubbles."

"Shut up. They're fun."

"It's cute."

Before he could protest, she swiveled around and tugged him forward, hands on his face, to kiss him, water running down her arms in tiny rivulets. Under her lips, she felt him smile, and his hands grasped her wrists and pulled them down to her shoulders. She hooked her arms around his neck and pulled him closer, impatient. But he pulled away, and grinned at her, forehead leaning against hers.

“Aren’t you supposed to be, y’know, bathing?”

“Ugh, and you accuse me of ruining the mood.”

He laughed and reached for a pink pouf. “I’ll get your back for you.”

Nonon grumbled and handed him the bottle. Uzu squeezed the pink liquid onto it, and then she heard the sound of scrubbing. Narrowed eyes and face wash in hand, she turned to find him lathering his underarms.

“Really.”

Uzu stuck his arms straight into the flow of the water and grinned as the water washed away the pink suds.

“You’re so dumb.”

He kissed her shoulder and started scrubbing her back.

The intimacy of the situation hadn’t fully sunk in when she’d stepped into the tub, but as Uzu cleaned the sweat off of her bare skin, the thought of what they were really doing began to form fully in her head. A few months ago, she would never have trusted anyone to see her naked. A few months ago, she’d never even turn her back to anyone to could possibly attack her. A few months ago, kissing him was out of the question. Liking him as anything more than a comrade in arms was out of the question. And yet something had begun to manifest between them, more than the silent rivalry between all of the devas, or the bickering they’d become well known for in Satsuki’s inner circle. They’d crossed the boundary between rivals and friends during the war, they’d crossed the boundary from friends, to lovers, even if they were friends beneath that. So what boundaries did they have left?

She thought about this as he bathed her.

The suds were washed away by the beating water above them. Her back was clean, but his hands didn’t stop there. Silently, he washed her arms as well, skimming the surface of the water that had dropped to their waists. The soap around her neck he too let wash away, and as if he were postponing the inevitable, he reached for the shampoo. His fingers were thick but gentle, massaging her scalp. She let out a comforted hum from the back of her throat, and he let the water rinse the damp hair that clung to her bare skin until it ran clear, the wet strands sticking to the upper slopes of her chest when she leaned against him. The pouf hesitated before it reached toward her front, suds covering her stomach, and almost achingly slowly, up towards her breasts.

And she’d had enough of this.

One smooth movement, and she yanked the pouf out of his hands. Uzu’s hands, soapy and empty, had nothing to do, and it wasn’t until she grabbed him by the wrists that he realized her intentions. They sat in what was a nearly empty tub, his hands grabbing her, and she could feel him growing hard against her lower back as her nipples hardened against his

palms, despite the heat. The water rinsed the soap away, until they were sitting in the empty tub, wet and naked and clean.

“Uzu.”

It wasn’t a statement, but an order.

“Turn off the shower. Put the plug back in and turn on the water,” she whispered into the steam wreathing her face.

With that done, they moved with the ease of two experienced lovers. There was enough room in the tub for her to straddle his hips, and despite the relative lack of preparation, her body remembered what they’d done only hours ago and opened up easily, slick with anticipation. His fingers dug into her hips as he slid in, and they both groaned, hot water splashing around them as the tub filled around their bodies, rocking greedily against each other.

This was nice.

Of course, she wouldn’t have kept sleeping with Uzu if the sex weren’t good, but this was something different. Her breasts pressed against his chest as if she were trying to merge into him, and her lips found his as she kept her pace, the position and stimulation keeping her almost desperate, and it was much too hot but she wouldn’t have it any other way, and she couldn’t breathe but she had to kiss him, had to have more of him-

“I love you.”

To his credit, he did not stop thrusting when he whispered it into her ear, wet and breathless like she was, and despite how crude it was, she was extremely grateful. Instead of a verbal response that she was increasingly unsure she was able to manage, she nodded, a quick, jerky move that could have been confused for a particularly enthusiastic bounce. She was beyond words, didn’t care that they were splashing water all over her bathroom floor, didn’t care that she was incapable of talking but very much capable of screaming, half coherent sounds that sounded like his name and a confession and she’d KILL him if he stopped-

Even later, she wasn’t sure who came first, or even how many times, only that the ragged breaths against her neck were his and that she was holding his head towards hers, hair soaked and tangled beyond belief from him holding her tight. She kissed him, one more time, lips chapped, and nodded again, in case he hadn’t noticed the first time. Was it an acknowledgement or an agreement? Her legs were too shaky for her to focus on it, and as he rinsed them off both off with cool water and wrapped her in the fluffiest towel he could find, all she could care about was him carrying her back to bed, warm and solid and solidly hers.

He kissed her forehead before she drifted back off to sleep.

“You’re beautiful, princess.”

This time, she was too sleepy to care.

It had been several months since this arrangement had started, and between losing his virginity and having his first real kiss, and arguably his first real confession, they had been eventful ones.

Of course, there was also the matter of the near apocalyptic war he'd fought with his friends- no, comrades- no, his true companions, as real and near and dear to him as his gang back in Kanto- that had almost ended with his death, and that of everyone else on the planet. He'd been a soldier for too long, but lying in bed with a girl he'd said those three words to made him feel exceptionally young.

At eighteen, he'd seen and done horrific things, and yet kissing her and lying in bed with her made him feel less horrible, because for a precious few hours he wasn't Uzu Sanageyama, a member of the elite four, deva and head of the athletics department, the boy who had sewn his eyes shut for the chance of forgiveness, who had doubtless killed many, many, many people in his pursuit for 'the greater good', under the rule of Satsuki Kiryuin.

He was just a dumbass who'd managed to score with one of the most beautiful girls he'd ever met.

Nonon was out like a light. She fell asleep easily after she came, something he suspected came from years of masturbating before she went to sleep. It was endearing, though, and he tucked a strand of damp hair behind her ear.

When she woke up, they'd have to have a serious talk. Even if they'd acknowledged the incident with his older brother, they had new questions they needed answered. What were they? Their relationship was a mysterious grey to him, an uncertainty- no longer just lovers, no longer simply friends with benefits- his rash decision to blurt out what he now knew had been true for quite a while had changed things forever.

Somehow, though, he remained optimistic.

In any case, they couldn't afford to lay around all day. Evening had caught them unawares, it was time for dinner, and he was hungry. Maybe he could take her out to eat? Would that be a date? Were they dating? It was weird working backwards- from what he knew from his vast knowledge of romcoms, courtesy of movie nights with the elite four, relationships usually started with dates before they proceeded with the sex part of them.

Then again, it wasn't like anything about them, or this school, was usual.

Uzu sighed and stood up. If Nonon had one pair of his boxers, she probably had more- or he could do as he did whenever he couldn't be bothered to find his underwear after a quick romp in her room and go without. Picking the nearest dresser, he rummaged through piles of pretty lace unmentionables without success.

Sighing in defeat, he went for the largest pair of satin panties he could find and tugged them over his hips. He'd surprise her with these later.

He'd thought he was being quiet as he dressed, but apparently the rustling of fabric woke Nonon up from her nap. She rubbed her eyes blearily until they focused on him, pants on and concealing the memento he'd taken from her.

"Wait for me to get dressed too, jerk."

She slid off the bed and walked naked towards the drawer he'd just rummaged through. If she noticed anything missing, she didn't comment on it, instead picking the frilliest blue and white panty set he'd ever seen to put on. Still shirtless, he awkwardly stood as she dressed silently, choosing black thigh highs and a simple pair of shorts. It wasn't until she started buttoning up her shirt that he noticed it was his.

"Hey! What am I supposed to wear?"

Nonon hesitated before rummaging in a different drawer for a grossly oversized pink sweater. He took it critically, noticing the lacy english text he couldn't read and the nauseatingly cute cartoon animals with huge eyes and eyelashes surrounding a pile of pink and white flowers.

"Really?"

She shrugged. "It's the only thing I own that'll fit you."

"Why can't I just have my shirt?"

"My room, my rules. Are you gonna wear it or not?"

He hesitated briefly before sighing deeply and tugging it over his head, noting the soft interior. On her, the sweater looked like a dress, on him, it was significantly tighter, and just barely fit over his broad shoulders. The sleeves were awkwardly lengthed on him, and he sighed and rolled them up. Nonon pulled her hair back into her characteristic bun, shoved a few pins in at what looked like random, and pulled a hat over it to complete the look.

Even with minimal makeup, she was stunning.

They looked at themselves in her full length mirror, they were quite the duo- his shirt tied off at her hip and buttoned up to hide the lovebites he'd left on her neck, her sweater making him look like some weird Harajuko wannabe. She gave them both the once over before quickly nodding and stepping over to an unfamiliar glittery pink box taking up a lot of space on her bedside table.

"Uh, what's-"

"What time is it?"

He glanced around her room until he found her wall clock. "Uh, half past six?"

In one swift movement, she reached in for a palm sized plastic device, popped out a pill, and swallowed it dry.

"Is that-"

“My birth control.”

The air outside was warm, despite it being early spring, yet they huddled close as they walked through the halls, mostly deserted, due to the majority of the students being at dinner already.

“Take me somewhere nice, okay?”

“Sure.”

Neither of them had been able to speak about what had happened in the bathtub, but that was what dinner was for, right? They’d be able to talk freely, without interruption.

Of course, Uzu had never been particularly good at reading the air, or taking hints, for that matter.

“So, this dinner? Is this like, a date?”

Nonon didn’t look up at him. “Yeah. I guess you could call it that.”

“Is it like, a date as friends, or like, a date date? Because-”

“Are you asking if we’re dating now?”

“I guess so.”

She stopped walking. He slowed down to look back at her.

“I guess that depends, then. Do you want to be dating?”

“I-”

The words were no sooner formed in his throat that he began to hear the whispers. As they’d talked, they’d been walking down the slope into the open congregation area where the school met the entrance, and the road down to the city below.

The courtyard was full of students on their phones, some giggling, some alternating between looking at them and their screens. He scowled.

“What the fuck is going on?”

“Hold up.”

Nonon pulled away to reach into her bag and pull out her phone. They both peered at it as it buzzed awake, and the screen was blissfully blank for a few seconds before it began vibrating

violently with the ridiculous influx of text messages, all flashing too quickly to be read.

One thing he did see, though, was a repeated theme in all of them.

‘Is it true-’

‘Are you guys-’

‘Is it official-’

‘You’re fucking-’

‘Sex????’

If he looked half as stricken as Nonon did, it probably showed on his face, because the whispers had become shouts. The students stood, almost as one, yelling the questions that kept flashing on the tiny screen in Nonon’s hand.

None of them, however, could match Gamagoori.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"

The echoing bass of his voice made the crowd of gossipy students part like the red sea, and the Student Committee Head of Discipline stared down at them, face red as a tomato and as likely to pop.

“Oh my god,” whispered Nonon.

“Who could it have been-”

They looked at each other in perfect synchronization.

“Inumuta.”

“I shouldn’t have dissed his blog.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have broken his jaw.”

“Let’s finish the job.”

They turned, and made to head back into the building when Ira shook his head violently.

“YOU TWO ARE BARRED FROM SEEING HIM UNTIL WE ARE CONFIDENT YOU WON’T KILL HIM IN HIS SLEEP.”

“Jeez, Gama-chan, we’re standing right here,” muttered Nonon, tucking the phone (still shaking like a personal massager gone wrong) back into her bag. “No need to yell.”

“My apologies, Jakuzure. HOWEVER!”

“Oh boy.”

“Do *NOT* ‘oh boy’ me, Sanageyama. If these allegations are true-”

“*WHAT* allegations?”

“Of your illicit affair!”

“Where?”

“Inumuta’s *PERSONAL BLOG*!"

He handed them the laptop he’d been carrying folded under his arm. Uzu popped it open and they scrolled down the page of text. The two peered at it, and then looked at each other.

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“I don’t agree with his wording, but yeah, basically.”

Ira Gamagoori looked at them, face red.

“SEX IS NOT ALLOWED AT HONNOUJ ACA-”

A bright light broke out over the crowd. The crowd peeled their eyes away from the scene to look at the familiar blinding rays.

Satsuki stood tall, even on even ground with the rest of the students. “Gamagoori. Technically speaking, we’re not even a school anymore. And this couple should be allowed to do as they please, provided they’re being safe about it.”

Behind her, two familiar girls stood, looking equal parts confused and amused.

“You and the monkey? I’d never thought I’d see the day.”

“Matoi, I do not need this from you-”

“Senpai! Senpai! Are you two going out?”

Both Uzu and Nonon froze at Mako’s words.

The silence following the question grew awkwardly.

“Nonon? Are you going out with Sanageyama?”

Satsuki’s voice was gentle, as if to apologize for the spectacle. He swallowed, hard. Her hand was right there…

His fingers traced her palm lightly, and under the gaze of the entire student body, curled in between hers, hands grasped firmly. For a moment, she was limp, and then she squeezed back, a silent affirmation that meant more than any words could say.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter marks the end of this story, but hopefully, not the last uzunon fic I will write! If you have any questions, I'm satsukichan on tumblr and I'm more than happy to talk!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The natural conclusion to the epilogue: the end of the end.

Chapter Notes

I chose to keep the honorifics in because there's no direct translation for them. Please enjoy the last chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mnn.”

She moved lazily against him, still half asleep, and he pressed a kiss to her forehead as he tilted his hips. They had to be up in twenty minutes, but they could always enjoy the comfort of each others bodies in the half lit dawn, sunlight beginning to filter through his shutters.

It was mornings like this that he was happy she hadn’t kicked him out the night before, and he was perfectly content to hold her close, hands in her hair, taking in the warmth of her skin sticking to his. In a little bit, he’d have to pull away, get dressed, and the spell would be broken, but for now, he’d enjoy the moment. There was nothing sharp or angry or desperate about the way she rolled her hips into his, driving him deeper, no snarky words or false compliments. She just clung quietly, smiling underneath him whenever he kissed her.

Nonon’s quiet moans ghosted past the shell of his ear, and he felt her come, every muscle tensing up at once, contracting against him, before she went limp. He managed to last enough to make her shake again, whispered oaths slipping past gritted teeth, before her arms unlocked from around his neck and she flopped against the rumpled sheets of his bed, breasts and hair bouncing around her tiny frame as she hit the mattress.

His fingers dug deep into her hips, leaving white marks on pale skin that bloomed red before fading, and he let himself collapse next to her. For a few minutes, all they could do was breathe, laying close enough to take each other’s heat, but not close enough to touch, sweat cooling where it had pooled in the crannies of their bodies.

“That was nice,” Nonon quipped.

She’d whispered things to him that suggested that this was an understatement, but he let it slide by without comment.

“We’re going to be late, though.”

“Still worth it.”

He threw his legs over the side of his bed and stretched, letting his muscles unlock from where they’d been cramping up. “Can I shower first?”

“Sure.”

Uzu disappeared into her bathroom. She reached for the hand mirror she kept on top of the now familiar box on her vanity table to take a look at her neck. A new red mark was starting to bloom purple against her throat, and she let out a muted curse under her breath. So much for that scoopneck dress. She cast an eye around her room before landing on a cream colored scarf, thick and fluffy.

It’d do.

They dressed quickly. There was no time for any other tomfoolery, although she did look at the bed longingly. It was a good day for good things to happen, and the growing warmth of the sun illuminated the path as they walked through the crowds of people.

“How are we, time-wise?”

“We’ll arrive just on time. Knowing them, we’re probably going to be the last ones there.”

“Whatever, man. He’s not going to spontaneously combust if we’re not there to help him out.”

“Yeah, but he might try to back out of it.”

“He’s been planning this for way too fucking long, anyway. It’s not that hard to ask someone out.”

Too late, he realized the error of his words.

“Is that so?”

She stopped dead in the center of the street. The crowd silently dispersed around her, and he was left staring at her awkwardly.

“Nonon…”

“If it’s not that big of a deal, ask me out.”

“Wha-”

Her eyes narrowed, and he became very interested in a market stall selling… something deep fried and borderline inedible.

“Uzu.”

She reached up to grab the lapels of his blazer and tugged down, forcing his face closer. Determined, he stared at the stall.

“Look at me.”

Sheepishly, his eyes made their way back to her face. She was not laughing.

“What’s the problem.”

Uzu hesitated.

“I mean, like, what’s the point?”

“What’s the point?”

“Aren’t we, already, like… y’know?”

“No, I don’t know.”

“Y’know, we’re already… an item?”

She stared at him, completely deadpan.

“We’re exclusive?”

“Why is it so hard for you to say it?” Nonon let go, and absentmindedly fiddled with a piece of hair that’d come loose from underneath her hat. “You said it before.”

Visions of pink bubbles and sloshing water hit him like a pound of bricks. “That was… kind of a spur of the moment thing.”

“Don’t wimp out on me, monkey. We’ve come this far.”

“I mean, it’s a lot easier to say I lo- that- when you’re, y’know.”

“If you say ‘y’know’ one more time-”

“It’s not that I didn’t mean it, it’s just that, ugh, shit. I just-” He scratched his head and looked off again. “I was wrong. This is hard.”

“You can’t encourage Ira and then try and worm your way out of it.”

“That’d be a problem. Monkey see, monkey do.”

Nonon’e eyes almost rolled out of her skull. “I can’t believe I’m fucking you.”

“Me either, really.”

“I’m the best thing that’s ever happened to you, probably.”

“Are you konnya-kidding me?”

“I’m never touching you again.”

The crowd turned to stare at the boy in the brown blazer who threw his head back and shook with tears coming out at the corners of his eyes. Perhaps they also took a moment to glance at the girl in front of him who looked like she was about to die of embarrassment.

“Stop laughing.”

“Do you really want me to ask you out?”

“Oh no.”

He cleared his throat, loudly.

If she’d thought she’d been embarrassed before, she thought her soul might leave her body when went down on one knee in front of her.

“Holy shit-”

Wild eyed, she watched him open his mouth and stared slack jawed in sheer terror at the boy kneeling in front of her. Grinning, he threw his arms open wide.

“Nonon, will you-”

“NO.”

“You haven’t even-”

“NO.”

“Can’t you just-”

“NO.”

“Hear me out-”

“I’m not going to ma-”

“Would you maybe-”

“NEVER-”

“... like to go maybe get dinner or something?”

“I-”

There was some murmuring behind her, and she flushed. “Please stand up before people get the wrong idea.”

“What idea?”

“Have you looked at yourself?”

He looked down at himself blankly.

“On one knee in front of a pretty girl?”

“Where’s the pretty girl?”

“Oh, shut up. And get UP.” She grabbed the shoulders of his blazer and desperately tugged upwards, hoping to get him off his knee before the whispers behind her got louder.

“Will you go out with me, though?”

“Who CARES about that, get up-”

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes, yes, sure, whatever, come on.”

Suddenly, he was towering over her, a huge grin plastered on his face. “Do you mean it?”

“I. Well, uh, ye-”

“SHE SAID YES!”

There were hands on her waist before she could react, and the dizzy rush of air against her face coincided with the realization her feet were off the ground. A loud ripple of clapping and exclamations erupted from the crowd, and Nonon’s face burned red. It’d be hard to tell her apart from a tomato, if tomatoes wore shorts and got into awkward situations with stupid boys with the romantic skillset of a rock. Every fiber of her being screamed at her to kick him in the face, but her momentum brought her over his head, and in the instant before she fell back down, she caught a glimpse of his face.

His eyes shined, a completely unironic smile crossing his beautiful features. He was so fucking enthusiastic, and genuine, and honestly happy about her saying yes to what had to count as the shittiest proposition in the history of anything.

How dare he be this cute.

He caught, her arms a vise around his neck before either of them registered it, gripping onto him for dear life.

"OH GOD DON'T DROP ME DON'T DROP ME DON'T-"

"I'm not going to drop you, okay? Just don't squeeze too tightly, I need to breathe, y'know."

Nonon loosened her grip nervously. It was then she realized what they looked like. A crowd of clapping locals applauded then, whistles and hoots echoing around them as he held her.

"Uzu?"

"Hmm?"

"You do realize what they think just happened, right?"

"Well, I did say I'd marry you before."

"Not fucking funny, Uzu. Put me down."

He stuck his tongue out in the most juvenile way he could muster. "Kiss me first."

"Whyyyyyyy?"

"You haven't kissed me in public since we started going out."

"Yeah, its been like, a minute."

"We've been going out for a lot longer, and you know it." He grinned again. "Are you chicken?"

"What! No, I'm just not into public displays of affection."

"Sounds like you're chicken~"

"What are you, two?"

"Too hot to handle, maybe."

"God, you are such a fucking NERD."

He rolled his eyes. "I'M the nerd? What about you serenading me?"

"That was me trying to get you to wake the fuck up, dumbass."

"How about the time you put petals all over your room?"

"The flower shop was going out of business!"

"The candy?"

"It wasn't for you!"

"Oh, come off it, Jakuzure. You like me. You wouldn't put up with me otherwise."

"I-"

"You wouldn't admit you liked me after months of sleeping with me, and you wouldn't admit to trying to confess to me, and we're freaking dating and you won't admit to enjoying my company."

"You're dumb and the fact that this actually happening is beyond my comprehension. This is all a mistake, probably. Put me down."

He pouted.

Nonon rolled her eyes and leaned over and pressed her lips to his, sweet and soft and quick, and the arm holding her up lowered her until she was on her tiptoes, his hands on her waist.

She pulled away, face red again. His nose pressed against her forehead and he laughed softly. "Don't be so embarrassed."

"I can't help that you're embarrassing," she bit back, but her bark lacked a sharp edge. "You're useful though. You can stay around."

"Am I your personal jester?"

"You're something."

Uzu's eyes lit up. "Now say it."

"Say what?"

"What am I?"

"Annoying."

"I'm your?"

"Personal hell?"

"You're my girlfriend, which makes me your?"

She grit her teeth. "It sounds weird when you say it like that."

"C'mon..."

"If you're really my... boyfriend..."

"There we go."

"... Then you should learn to take a hint and stop deliberately embarrassing me in public."

"But you love that about me!"

"Don't imply I feel anything of the sort for you."

"Well, I love you."

He whispered it into her hair. Hesitantly, she reached up where he had his hands on her head, ready to pull them off where he held her close, and froze when he pressed a kiss into her forehead.

"Don't say things you don't mean, Uzu."

"I don't."

She pulled away roughly. "Shut up. I don't need you embarrassing me."

"You don't have to say it back, you know."

"It's not that I don't want to, okay? I-"

He pressed his forehead against hers. "Don't force it."

"I have a confession to make."

"Hm?"

"You know that time you kissed me? The first time?"

"Yeah?"

"That wasn't the first time we'd kissed, technically..."

"What?"

He leaned in close, hands in his pockets, mouth twitching. He was interested now, she could tell, even if he was trying his hardest to keep from smiling. Regret bloomed in the pit of her stomach. "Actually, never mind-"

"No. No, we're gonna hear this story now."

"Do I have to tell it?"

"It's rude to get people excited about some juicy story and then just stop."

"Ugh."

"C'monnnn, tell meeee..."

Rolling her eyes, she found an interesting spot on the ground to stare at.

"Remember the first time? I mean, our first time?"

"I distinctly remember you kicking me in the balls and not a lot of smooching."

"Not the literal first time, the real first time. The nice time, not the disaster."

"The one where you-"

"Four times."

"Go me."

"There's a reason I'm still here, and that's it."

"Liar."

She ignored him, as usual. "I left you a present that time."

"The one I wore-"

"Yeah, that one."

Nonon took a deep breath. "You were asleep when I left. And I was curious."

"How was it?"

"You were out cold. What do you think?"

"I had no idea you were into that kind of stuff-"

"Am NOT-"

"But that's cute. That's really cute. Didn't know you'd had a crush on me.

"I did NOT have a crush! I was just curious." She paused nervously. "You were my first real kiss."

"Let's be real, I was your first a lot of things-oW."

Uzu rubbed his upper arm and grimaced. "Stop hitting me."

"Nah."

"You're so mean. Why did I fall for you?"

"Luck of the draw, maybe?" She took a glance at her phone. "We're late."

"Shit, really?"

"Let's hurry up before he backs out of it."

Visibly, her hand hovered by his, hesitating, before he took ahold of it and started shouldering his way through the crowd of people. A tiny smile tugged at her mouth.

“YOU'RE LATE!"

Any intimidating effect the bellow might have had on them was very much mitigated by the white tux and bouquet, and the fact that Ira was beet red.

"Good afternoon to you too, Gama."

Houka didn't so much as spare them a glance as he tapped away at his tablet. "My cameras detect them walking a few blocks away. You're just in time."

His jaw showed no sign of any damage, and curious, she looked up at Shiro, who was busy adjusting Ira's bowtie. They looked at Houka, then at each other. Nonon's eyes flicked from his fully repaired face to Shiro, and arched an eyebrow. The boy caught her gaze and smirked.

Well, that at least explained his good mood.

Uzu clapped his hands together and then slapped Ira's back, the older teen stiffening. "Okay, let me give you some pointers on love, Gamagoori."

"Are you really the most qualified person on the matter?"

"I'm plenty good at love!"

She rolled her eyes painfully. Behind her, Houka scoffed.

"Have you two even sorted out your problems? It doesn't seem fair to Gamagoori if the pot is calling the kettle black."

They paused.

"... Most of them?"

"You were in the infirmary for a lot of that time."

"Yeah, thanks to your girlfriend."

"I-" instinct kicked in first, belligerent and stubborn and embarrassed, before she stopped herself. "It still feels weird hearing that."

"Get used to it." Uzu stopped what he was doing, which was slapping Ira on the back repeatedly, to throw an arm around her neck. She tried to squirm away, but a sharp yell from Iori caught their attention.

"Confirmed sighting on target!"

Ira's face went chalk white. Houka and Uzu grinned.

"Go get 'em, tiger."

"On a second thought, maybe-"

"You are *NOT* backing out on this."

Houka sounded like someone had just punched his mother in the face. "Do you know how many under the table dealings I had with Matoi to find out Mankanshoku's favorite flowers?

Or what I had to do to figure out their route? The amount of cameras I planted? The work I did? You are going to ask her out."

"Really, my stomach's feeling funny-"

"IRA."
"GAMAGOORI."
"GAMA-CHAN."

At least he had the sense to look sheepish. He looked down at four teenagers glaring at him.

"I got up before noon on a weekend for this. You're going to ask the underachiever out if it kills you."

"If I could do it, you can too! You gotta have the resolve, okay? You are NOT going to get out of this this easily." Uzu stabbed at his chest with his thumb. "Go ask the girl out."

Houka smirked. "You finally asked Jakuzure out?"

Nonon flushed. Uzu opened his mouth, but luckily for her, Shiro started yelling from his place up on the wall, binoculars in hand.

"Target approaching street corner. Target approaching street corner. T minus two minutes until contact. Target is with Vagabond and Empress-"

"Okay- First off, stop calling Mankanshoku a target, it's weird. Second of all, giving the transfer student and Satsuki code names is also weird but mostly really dumb."

"Did Sanageyama finally ask you out, Jakuzure?"

She pointedly ignored the question. Unfortunately, Uzu was not as good at ignoring jabs.

"Yeah, I did ask her out. What of it?"

"Uzu. Learn when to shut the fuck up."

"Maybe you should demonstrate in front of Ira."

"Ira wouldn't make us-"

She turned. He was looking at them, eyes pleading. This heavily contrasted with the beads of nervous sweat gathering on this brow and at his temples, jaw set, teeth gritted.

"Okay, first thing you do is not look like you're taking a shit. You'll terrify her. And ALSO-" she spun around to press a hand to Uzu's chest before he could do anything. "You do *NOT* get on one knee, that could be misinterpreted."

Houka snickered behind his tablet, held up to hide his face.

"Have you even asked Shiro out?"

“None of your business.”

“You’re the last person who gets to complain about it.”

“You two weren’t even subtle, everyone would have found out soon enough-”

“T-minus one minute until contact. Target approaching stairs. And don’t involve me in your messy love lives.”

“Iori, shut up with the commentary!”

Ira was sweating bullets. Out of pity, she caught Uzu’s eye and sighed. “Alright.”

They all swung over to peek behind the wall that shielded them from the view of the others. Three girls were making their way down the stairs, Mako Mankanshoku made immediately visible because of her huge bag and spring in her step.

“Okay. Just, like, be polite, make yourself clearly heard, DO NOT YELL, smile, tell her that she matters to you and if she’d like to go on a date? A boyfriend and girlfriend date, not a friend date or whatever the hell this is.” She gestured in the general direction of the stairs.

“Thank you, Jakuzure, for the advice, but could you and Sanageyama… demonstrate?”

Nonon felt hands on her waist. Someone pulled her closer, and she turned around to find him standing behind her. Large, calloused hands took hers, and green met rose, his eyes wide and genuine and excited.

Make blushing illegal, she thought as her face warmed up again. *There should at least be a daily cap on how many times my body can betray me like this.* She didn’t dare look at Houka, who was audibly cracking up behind her, or Shiro, who was definitely smirking at her.

“You’re important to me, and I want you to know that I love you, and that I think you’re beautiful, and that I’d like to take you to dinner, if you want to go?”

Houka gaped at them, incredulous eyes and grin widening. Too late, she noticed what he had his tablet pointed at. Nonon made a mental note to destroy it later. She glared at him, and then at Uzu with narrowed eyes.

“Isn’t that going a bit too far for just a simple confession?”

“This is from me. I’m serious.”

“Are you *DENSE?*”

“Isn’t that what Gama meant…?”

“No? That’s not what he meant by demonstrating!”

Shiro saved her. “T-minus ten seconds. Ira, ignore them. If you’re that sappy, you’ll rot our teeth out.”

She jerked her one of her hands free. “You’re up, big guy. Knock ‘em dead.” Her face was still radiating heat like metal left out in the sun, and Houka opened his mouth, presumably to make a snarky comment, but to her relief, that was the moment the rapid fire nonsense they’d all become used to came into earshot.

“- and I was so confused, because who could even decide whether bunnies or kittens were cuter? So obviously, I told him I’d have both! You can’t mess with a girl’s heart by making her decide between the two things she loves most in the world! Now if I wear my bunny pajamas, we’ll match! Oh, wait, no, you got new pajamas...”

“Bunnies are the cutest? But what about puppies? Or ducklings?”

“Ryukooooooo, you’re making it harder!”

Of the trio of girls, Satsuki was the one who noticed them first. The other two were very animatedly arguing over whether or not it was fair to compare bunnies and kittens to puppies and ducklings when she caught Nonon’s eye. Too late, she realized she was still holding one of Uzu’s hands, but instead jerked her chin up to Ira, who looked like he was about to explode. Satsuki visibly did the math in her head (flowers + tux + blushing + the student council) and smiled, only giving the most subtle of nods to acknowledge them.

“I’m going to throw up,” Ira muttered under his breath.”

“You’ll do fine, Gamagoori.”

With bated breath, they watched Satsuki lay a hand on Matoi’s arm to draw her attention. The sisters had developed a sort of wordless language, and they looked in their general direction, then at Mako, then at each other, before simultaneously stepping back.

“Gama, goooo.”

The massive teenager balked momentarily before the four of them combined their weight and momentum to shove him from out behind the wall. He took a few stumbling steps, and tried to step back before Mankanshoku noticed them and stopped monologuing about the importance of a good set of pajamas. Confused, her eyes roved from the hand still in Uzu’s grasp, to the secretive stance all five of them had unintentionally adopted.

Then her eyes focused on Ira.

“Oh, it’s you, Gamagoori-sempai!”

Her eyes lit up like he was made of food or solid gold, and she immediately rushed forward to grab his hand. Ignoring his choked sound of surprise, she barrelled ahead at full steam.

“ Two questions- first off, have you started wearing pajamas to sleep?”

Like a goldfish out of water, he floundered until he found his voice. “Good afternoon, Mankanshoku. I have indeed begun wearing a shirt when I go to bed.”

“That’s good! You shouldn't catch cold now! It would be a problem if you got sick!”

“Why would it be a problem? We are currently on vacation. I could take a day off to fully recover and go back to my normal schedule without much of a problem.”

“Obviously, I’d be worried about you!”

They snickered behind the wall at the way Ira’s face grew red at her statement. “Your concern is very much appreciated, Mankanshoku.”

“Secondly! Do you prefer bunnies to kittens?”

The hand behind his back tightened on the bouquet. Unnecessarily, Uzu grabbed at Houka’s shirt, ignoring the irritated sigh from the boy in the glasses. “HE’S GONNA DO IT.”

“Thanks, captain obvious.”

“Bunnies are… cuter. I prefer bunnies.”

“Please explain your reasoning, sempai! You can’t simply provide an answer without backing it up! Why are bunnies cuter than kittens?”

Behind Mako, Ryuko and Satsuki were very blatantly trying their best not to laugh.

“Bunnies are… soft. They are fluffy and have sniffly noses.”

“But so do kittens!”

“Well, I like bunnies because… they remind me of you.”

“Ehh? But I’m not a bunny, sempai!”

Houka and Uzu looked like they were on the verge of tears. Satsuki and Ryuko were red from the effort it took to not burst out cackling. Ira’s face was brick red.

“You’re cute, like a bunny.”

“Did you just call me cute, Gamagoori-senpai?”

“Please, call me Ira.”

Nonon bit into her knuckles to keep herself from making noise, but she still let loose a tiny snort.

"Okay, Ira-sempai!"

"Mako."

"Ira-sempai?? You've never called me by my first name before!" The underclassman was almost bouncing from excitement. Uzu grabbed ahold of both Nonon and Houka’s hands. Instead of arguing with him, Houka grabbed Shiro.

Even though he looked like he was about to die, Ira shakily pulled the bouquet out from behind his back where he'd been shielding it from her view. Uzu's fingers dug into her shirt sleeve as they all took a collective breath.

"I... Like you..."

"Ehhhh???"

"Would you like to go on a date, maybe?" He scratched his nose awkwardly. "Not as friends, though. A romantic date. Like-"

"You like me, Ira-sempai???"

"Y-yeah." If Ira was red before, Nonon was deeply concerned for his blood pressure now.

"This is fucking adorable," she whispered under her breath. The others nodded, none of them daring to pull their eyes away.

“Wait, you're asking me out? Is this a confession???"

"Yes. I'm asking you out on a date, with only you and me. To dinner. Tonight, if that's okay?"

"You're paying for dinner?"

"Yes?"

Mako Mankanshoku paused momentarily to think this over.

Behind the partition, Nonon and the boys stared intently. If she was hearing right, she could have sworn she heard Houka mutter 'please fucking say yes, I spent too much time setting this up' under his breath. None of them dared breathe.

Mako put two fingers to her face seriously. "Usually, it's my code to always accept a free meal, but I can't sacrifice my body to do it."

The four groaned in unison.

"Shit." Uzu ran a hand through his hair. “Sorry, Gamagoori.”

Ira was very flustered by this.

"What? No! My intentions are pure, I swear-"

Unexpectedly, the underclassman burst into laughter.

"Senpai, I'm kidding! I like you a lot, too! I'd love to have dinner with you."

They all let out the air in their lungs, deflating as they watched Ira stammer out a thank you. Despite the blood still in his cheeks, Ira was grinning. Mako wasn't looking at him, however.

“Why are all of your friends hiding behind that wall, Ira-senpai?”

“... please stop calling me senpai.”

“Ira-chan, why is everyone hiding behind that wall?”

Satsuki and Ryuko had finally stopped giggling amongst themselves long enough to breathe properly, but this sent then in peals of laughter again. Her calling him by something so intimate so quickly had him sputtering for a few moments before he found his voice again. “... Moral support…”

Mako ignored him momentarily. “Jakuzure-senpai! Sanageyama-senpai! Please come out here!”

“Yeah, get out here.” Matoi was clearly having the time of her life at their expense. Nonon didn't appreciate it much. Even if she was Satsuki’s sister, she glared at her.

The other three looked at each other in confusion before Uzu shrugged and walked out into the open, Nonon nervously walking out behind him. He acknowledged the tiny girl with a nod. She was much less generous.

“How do you do, Mankanshoku? Congratulations on your new relationship!”

“What do you want, underachiever?”

The girl with a bowlcut was seemingly unphased by being confessed to, something that did not surprise Nonon, since Mankanshoku had clearly never been the brightest crayon in the box. Secretly, she wondered if she’d fully gotten Ira’s message, but pushed the thought to the side in lieu of listening to her energetic plea.

“Jakuzure-senpai, Sanageyama-senpai! I have a formal request for you two!”

“Huh?”
“What the fuck?”

It was probably a good thing that neither of them realized where this was going, for as they looked at each other, Satsuki’s eyes widened in realization.

“If you guys helped Ira-chan confess, then isn’t it only fair you do the same?”

Nonon spluttered impressively, and she could almost imagine Uzu going slack jawed at her side.

Except, instead, the worst thing that could have possibly happened- the one time it would have been convenient for him to stay stupid-

“Wait, no, I’ve already confessed,” he said, a shit eating grin spreading across his face. “I guess that means little miss princess is up at bat.”

“Do not call me princess, do not use sports metaphors when referring to me.”

“Jakuzure-senpai, you have to confess!” Unbidden, the girl leapt forward, grabbing both of her hands.

"Wha-"

She threw her hands up above her head. As if in slow motion, Matoi's face broke into a smile again. Nonon groaned.

"Oh, god, not this shit again."

She could have sworn she could hear the faintest strains of music, but it might have just been her imagination.

"Jakuzure-senpai! Rumor is you two have been doing the nasty! A proper girl should only reveal herself completely to the person she loves! I-"

"Sex has nothing to do with love, Mankanshoku. Is it proper to talk about my private life? Huh?"

"That doesn't mean you don't have feelings for him!"

"Who the fuck told you it was okay to butt into the relationships of others?"

"You're not denying it, senpai."

Shit.

"Oi, Jakuzure. It's not really a secret anymore, is it?"

Matoi unlinked her arm Instinct told her move back, but the girl was determined. For every step she took back, Ryuko took two, until she was standing directly in front of her. from Satsuki’s. “I mean, we all saw what happened in the courtyard. You should do it. If Gamagoori could do it, you can too.”

“Where do you get the authority to tell me what I should do with my love life?”

“Well, you did just help this guy,” She jabbed at Ira absently with her thumb, who shrugged as if to say ‘there’s nothing I can do, sorry’ “and it’s only fair.”

Someone tapped her on the shoulder. Apprehensively, she turned around to find Uzu grinning at her. “Got something you wanna say to me?”

If looks could kill, she’d be standing in a graveyard. In vain, she turned her eyes to Satsuki, but Satsuki merely smiled at her. Great. She’d be no help either.

There was only one thing she could do. If Matoi had taught her one thing, it was this.

Uzu raised an eyebrow when she grabbed his hand, but the smirk on his face disappeared the instant she began moving, her momentum throwing him off balance. Stumbling, it took him a few seconds for him to regain his balance, and suddenly they were running through

aggravated crowds hastily parting way for them. Despite his confusion, he didn't lose his grip on her hand, only squeezing tighter as she pulled him along, as she'd done so many times before. The exclamations of the people they'd left behind faded fast. They didn't stop, air burning in her lungs as she pulled him along, face flushed, her hands closed over his.

They ran up the stairs, taking two at a time, and he didn't let go as she bolted ahead, adrenaline fueling her. His grip on her gave her a fuzzy feeling in the pit of her stomach, something she either couldn't or perhaps, refused, to name. Neither of them slowed down as they ran through the streets, and as they ran up the stairs spiraling around the city, she caught a glimpse of the sea.

It wasn't until her foot slipped on a loose pebble that she stopped, the ground rushing up to meet her. She braced herself for pain that didn't come. Instead, the only contact she came into was Uzu's arm slung across her stomach, catching her a meter before she ever touched the floor.

Their sudden stop knocked the breath out of her, and she shakily pulled herself up with her spare arm, clinging to the front of his blazer. In the few moments it took for her to regain her composure after such an abrupt halt, she admired how his slim fitting shirt clung to the six pack she knew well, chiseled abs only vaguely hidden by the dark grey fabric. The blazer fit him too, much better than anything she'd let him pick out. It was a nice day, indeed.

"Thanks."

She broke the silence that had been punctuated only by breaths until now.

"Don't mention it."

The sea glittered in the sunlight. Instead of talking, they leaned against the railing, watching the light reflect off the waves. It was easier to share each other's presence than try and talk, after all of that physical exertion.

When had she started enjoying his company? More importantly, when was the last time she'd called him a stupid monkey and meant it? Why was she looking at how the light caught his eyes, or the sharpness of the jaw she'd known well, where she'd left lipstick prints and memorized how it felt pressed against the inside of her thighs? How long had it been since she'd gotten used to the feeling of his hair between her fingers? And speaking of fingers, how long had he been holding her hand?

Why did she like it so much?

"I'm not good at conveying feelings, Sanageyama."

"Huh?"

She broke the silence that had been hovering around them, not taut like a pillow pressed against their faces, but comforting, like a warm bed after a long day. "I've never been good at being earnest. That's one thing I've got to admit you're better than me at- being genuine.

You're always so heartfelt about everything, and it's refreshing, I have to admit, when you're not being a total dumbass."

"I might be a dumbass, but I'm a loveable dumbass."

"Sure, if that lets you sleep well at night."

"Hey-"

Before he could start complaining, she cut him off.

"See, that's what I mean. I've always gotta snark about everything, because it's embarrassing to be so… open about things. Your words are totally naked. You don't hide behind pretense or anything. There's no cute facade, or any facade at all. You're as dumb as you look, as excited as you sound, and I used to think it was annoying at first, but now, I've found that I've gotten used to it. No, not that I've gotten used to it, I'd miss it if it weren't around."

Uzu scoffed. "Are you pulling a Satsuki? Are you just gonna monologue at me?"

"Will you shut the fuck up and listen for once? I'm trying to be honest here, and you're killing the mood."

"Alright, jeez."

She found a strand of hair that had blown into her face and twirled it nervously between her fingers. "This feels like it's something straight out of one of those shoujo manga I read as a little girl, ugh."

"What kind of heroine would you be? What kind of protagonist yells at her boyfriend?"

"Yeah, but I'm cute enough to be a protagonist, right?"

"Maybe, but you don't seem like a protagonist type. You're more like, the best friend of the protagonist. Satsuki could be the protagonist!"

"Actually, there's something I need to tell you about Satsuki."

"Huh?"

Nonon swallowed thickly. "I kissed her a few weeks ago. Before you came over and I apologized."

"Oh."

It was a flat noise, somewhat disbelieving. "She kissed me, and I said your name instead."

"That's… kind of…"

"I thought you should know."

This time, the silence was strained, like the skin over the top of a drum. She sighed. The wind rustled their hair in the minute that neither of them spoke.

“I’m sure you’ve realized, but I spent a long time being in love with Satsuki. Years, maybe ever since I became her friend. I didn’t even know I liked boys. I only ever liked girls before you, and in all honesty, I’ll always like girls. Maybe even more than I’ll ever like boys. No, I’ll definitely prefer girls my entire life.”

“Hey, that’s okay. So will I.”

Even as he tried to smile, behind his eyes, she could see him processing her words as he stared at her, face struggling to stay neutral. Hesitantly, she continued.

“I used you, because I was unsure. I thought that maybe sleeping with you would clear up the feelings I was having. I thought that I could just share a bed with you and continue wishing I was with her forever, because just being her friend, just being one of the Elite Four, was enough. If I could make her happy by working for her, that would make me happy. But I underestimated myself.”

She took a deep breath before she went on. “I’d never thought that we could be anything more than what we were. By day, friends, companions, and by night, lovers. I’m serious when I say that I love Satsuki, and I love the entire student council, even Inumuta. Maybe we were meant to be soulmates. Friends, destined to become a family. So it took me a while to realize that I no longer loved Satsuki the way I had before. At first, I thought you were just distracting me. But then your brother came along.”

Uzu visibly stiffened.

“I guess I used your brother too. I thought if I… y’know… that I’d realize we only had a physical relationship, and that I’d simply finally gotten over Satsuki. But my feelings for you didn’t change. If anything, he confirmed what I’d realized had been true for a very long time.”

He stared at her, face finally dawning with realization. She bit back the tears that threatened to spill, and whispered out the last words.

“I guess I really do love you, Uzu.”

Neither teenager dared speak for a very long minute.

Then, wordlessly, he let go of her hand and opened his arms. In complete silence, she let them wrap around her, and she tightened her grip around his waist instead. She buried her face in his chest and listened to the strong, steady thump of his heart, smiling quietly into the soft cotton.

Something wet fell onto her forehead, and she looked up to find him tearing up.

“I’m glad. I love you too.”

“Don’t cry, you fucking idiot. You’re enough as a joke as is.”

For what had to be the twentieth time today, he started laughing, shaking so hard her head bounced off his chest. She groaned loudly.

“God, I just poured my heart out and you’re laughing at me?”

“No, it’s just that I realized something.” He wiped a tear away from the corner of his eye and shook off the last few chortles. “We’re going to have the same anniversary as Ira. Watch Satsuki make us do a double date.”

“I’m not going on any double dates with froggy and underachiever.”

“Also, that speech was sweet, but I think I prefer the snarking.”

“What? Wasn’t it cute?”

“It was cute, but leave the monologuing to Satsuki.” He grinned. “You’re my perfect bratty princess.”

“Do not call me princess, you shit for brains, monkey look alike motherfucker.”

Those were harsh words, but it seemed completely natural when she stood on her tip toes and reached for his jaw, and they kissed again, his hand on the small of her back and her arms around his neck.

They stared at the screen, wide-eyed. The crowd of teenagers took up half of the cafe, excitedly looking at the slim laptop screen showcasing the entire drama.

“I can’t believe how uncool that was,” Ryuko whispered. She looked like she was about to start cracking up, but had forgotten how to. For the moment, she was simply stunned. “You guys tried to kill me for several months. You guys ran a fascist school government. I’ve seen you kill people. How the fuck are you all such massive losers?”

The members of the student council exchanged looks before shrugging.

“And you! Nerd boy! Who the fuck goes through the effort of hacking into the system and looking at this many cameras in this city?”

“I’m very persnickety about my information network, Matoi. I’m sorry you yourself don’t have anything to devote yourself to nowadays.”

“I saved the goddamn world, glasses.”

“Enough.” Satsuki cut them off before they could get going. “I’m touched by Nonon’s love for us. I too feel that we were meant to be a family.”

“Wait, I'm actually related to you-”

“Besides you.”

“Oi-”

She cut her sister off to turn to the boy in the glasses briskly. “Did you save the video, Houka?”

“Yes.” A huge smirk crossed his face. “She loves all of us, even me. I’m making that my new ringtone.”

“I can’t believe how sentimental that was,” Iori muttered, pressing his glasses up his nose. “I wouldn’t have guessed, just by listening to them snipe each other.”

“You know, I actually walked in on them, once. They yell a lot, but they’re *allllll* hands when they’re alone.”

“Look at them. She’s going to eat his face.”

“This is inappropriate usage of public surveillance systems, Inumuta.”

“Too bad this isn’t school anymore, Gamagoori.”

“Satsuki-chan, are you really going to make us go on double dates?”

“That’s up for you to decide, Mako.”

“It’s been a good day for love.” Ira’s baritone rumbled through the air. “It’s been a good day in general. I’m also glad to consider you all my companions.”

“Jeez, you guys are so fucking sappy.” Ryuko scratched the bridge of her nose. “Y’all alright, I guess.”

The tiny girl with the bowlcut threw her arms around Ryuko’s waist, grinning. “I’m happy you’re my best friend, Ryuko! Thanks for going shopping with me! Thanks for not telling me Ira-chan was going to ask me out!”

The veritable giant spluttered in embarrassment as they all burst into laughter. Ryuko did not hesitate before smiling and squeezing back. The moment she let go, Mako bounced up next to Ira, still red in the face, and pressed a big kiss to his cheek.

He screamed.

In the ensuing chaos, Satsuki rushed over to make sure nobody got hurt. Houka peeked around before pulling a surprised Shiro close and kissing him quickly, both boys smiling when they pulled away. It was in their nature to be more private about their affection than Mako and Ira, perhaps, as were Uzu and Nonon (although neither duo had the advantage of knowing where the cameras were hidden). A tired looking server ran over to check on the

commotion and make sure nobody was dying, and so they missed what was happening on the screen, distracted by other things.

On the monitor, the two pulled each other close, hands squeezing together as they walked out of the camera's line of sight. Nobody noticed.

But that was to be expected from a group of excitable kids, happy and free to be silly and carefree at last.

“Where do you want to eat?”

“Anywhere that isn’t a cafe. I’m sick to death of cafes.”

He led her through the streets, hands linked. They hadn’t let go since they’d joined hands again, and now they were making their way through the crowds, trying to ensure they didn’t lose each other.

“You’re taking me to dinner. You expecting something from me afterwards?”

Uzu had not been expecting that. “Wha-”

“I’m kidding.”

“Oh. Heh.” Visions of Nonon pressed against a brick wall, however, had popped into his head. He silently cursed his hormones.

She grinned at him. “Then again, that’s how we started this whole thing. Find a dark alley and nobody around, and then maybe.”

“How did we get here?”

“Who knows?” She took a glimpse at her watch and looked up at him, eyes sparkling. “We do have some time to kill before the sun goes down.”

“Oh my god.”

They made eye contact, and then simultaneously did a wide sweep of the surrounding area before looking at each other again. The nearest alleyway was full of rotting garbage and a dog taking a piss on the trashcan. Nonon wrinkled her nose.

“... on second thought, that sounds gross. There’s a nice hotel a few blocks from here. How about we just get room service?”

“That seems more your style, to be honest.”

“Are you going to carry me, or are you going to make me walk there?”

He groaned, but stooped down to scoop her up. She climbed into his arms with the ease of someone with a lot of experience. “If I carry you, I get to call you princess.”

Nonon snuggled into the space between his shoulder and neck so she could whisper in his ear. “You only get to call me princess when you’re on your knees.”

“Done and done.”

She pressed a kiss under his jaw, and he looked down in confusion, only to be rewarded with another kiss, full on his mouth.

“We’ve come full circle, I guess,” He muttered, grinning down at her. Nonon rolled her eyes.

“Just shut up and kiss me,” she mumbled, before he leaned forward and did. She didn’t talk much after that.

They made for an odd sight walking down the streets, but he was past caring, and he knew that she didn’t care either. The only thing he could bring himself to care about was the comfort of her weight in his arms and her body heat radiating against him, something he was more used to when they were wearing significantly less clothing. Sex or no sex, though, he was happy to be able to hold her close.

She wasn’t sure what drove her to do it.

In retrospect, it was a terrible decision, really, because real life wasn’t like the movies, something she should have kept in mind when she’d kissed Sanageyama, after she’d it very clear that there was nothing remotely romantic about the act of sex with him. It was Honnouji Academy’s worst kept secret that not only was he very much an idiot, she was also very much against idiots, and he definitely qualified.

So why had she kissed him? Momentary weakness? The panties should have been enough.

Still, in the moment, it had felt right. And it wasn’t like he’d ever find out. Who was going to tell him if she didn’t? It’d just been a momentary lapse in good judgment.

Nonon pressed two fingers against her lips and frowned. It wasn’t like she was in love with him or anything. There was no way this would escalate. She couldn’t even imagine herself dating him.

However, the mental image of him smiling at her, laughing with her, picking her up, kissing her, greatly overstayed its welcome, and as weeks turned into months, and he actually kissed her, driving himself deep inside her as she moaned against his mouth, the image got more and more vivid, keeping her awake when she was trying to sleep. So it was with mild reluctance

that she reached into her panties on the third week of self imposed chastity one night, and thought of Sanageyama crawling in between her thighs.

Her unwanted bout of celibacy could easy be fixed if she just went up to him, or any other boy in the school, really, but she wasn't too keen on anyone else, and going back to him seemed risky. She'd gotten used to his body, anyway.

And besides, *she thought,* it's not like I know what it's like to be with anyone else. Yet.

She wasn't able to form more coherent thoughts for the next few minutes, hips bucking against her own hand. As her fingers sped up, so did the tongue of the vaguely shaped boy in her mind, and then-

"U-uzu!"

Bucking into her own hand, she rolled her thumb against her clit and bit her cheek to keep from screaming further as she came, and it took a minute of heavy breathing after she stopped shaking before the of what she'd just said realization hit her.

"Holy fuck. Oh god, no."

Nonon threw her non-sticky hand over her face, audibly groaning. She needed to get laid again, pronto. Sanageyama it was. Still, the thought of him holding her hand wouldn't leave her.

Apparently, she had much bigger problems than she'd thought.

Chapter End Notes

This marks the end of better left unsaid. I plan on writing a lot more fic for kill la kill/uzunon, so stay tuned! I'm satsukichan on tumblr, please feel free to send me asks or questions!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!